

G.R.N.  
PODCASTS  
**MUSINGS**

2023  
PART B

*Greg R. Norton*

IN GETTING DOWN A FEW IDEAS into  
this new twenty twenty three part bee audio  
book this evening, *I'm given to think of our  
nation's financial health.* Not only is this

the biggest news story today, but, I've myself gotten insurance from my years of working, paying my payroll taxes, for years, and I am faced with unique circumstances as many others are. How can financial worries like we're facing be seen in the right light? Maybe the spirit world is asking us to, figuratively speaking, consider the relative insubstantiality of worldly riches, especially when compared with spiritual abundance... which comes, that is, with cleanliness and sobriety, when things are in order anyway... including basic needs being seen unto, in particular. This being Memorial Day, this

significance of inner well-being and  
reverence for the departed, is placed  
against the spectre of fiscal inn solvency...  
like the counterpoint in a minuet. Some  
people today live with addiction and co  
dependency of different kinds... it's still  
rare to find truly upright people, who really  
earn their money, and have their reward in  
a healthy sense. I think, that if a person  
has, in his past, traded a decade or more of  
his or her happiness for spiritual desolation  
and substance addiction... *and recovered...*  
he or she will then know fully what  
constitutes pain, and maybe more  
importantly, what doesn't. He'll be happy

with very little material wealth, *and instead will be drawn into possession of instruments of light, so as to create an more Heavenly world for everyone!* Just how can we make the shift, from wasteful spending, and being led into deficit by God's loyal angels, (who reassure us that everything is good... but only until we find, to our surprise, that we're in the red?) The human spirit is behind all good, but he or she always has an animistic component going before him. *This little 'god' has ways of allowing us our mistakes, in the name of learning, and growth. So we have to be wise to this force of a sort, which*

*also has lessons to impart... especially when seen in the light of the hard years, such as in the first and second decades of this century, when insults to our dignity and intelligence came every day, and every time we looked at the world news. These many woonds in time produced a trauma which is real, and which I think is a subtle form of brain damage.* The person then tends to be more suggest able, and becomes easily duped into the great big spider's diaphrenous webbing. When the human subconscious is shown a bright light, as in just before an earthquake, do we then fly directly towards the light, as the moth to

the flame? This is how unwanted spending happens... our minds sense distantly that we're in danger of deficit, but rather than wisely tightening our belts, we make frivolous purchases one after another, which then aren't taken care of, and so get left out in the rain. So is it any wonder that we're broke? We're right to suspect our bureaucrats... which lack guidance enough to know the difference between thrift, and excess. Everyone has to be thrifty... and be conscious of those ones which appear to be wasteful, or lacking in this thrift.

Enlightened culture includes criticism of the wasters, and rewarding the wise, and

the fiscally self responsible... which are always suspicious of and reluctant to spend from the 'company account,' *and who don't like making purchases, at the shareholders, or the consumer's expense.* And I think our culture is mostly wise, and thrifty... like a good corporate account should be... a good government... *there's just the one in ten which practices unwanted spending.* These sometimes do enormous damage, or have already, if our debts are as bad as they say.

Just some thoughts. At any rate, it's a sunny, and mild Sunday morning in late May, and I sit outside in the shade writing... out where the gravel is shaded by

this outbuilding, and the grasses begin. It's just after morning break, and I'm letting my snack digest, and working on these ideas. The breeze begins to blow across, and I'm listening to one of my recent keyboard albums on shuffle, and keeping my face and head in the shade. At any rate, I'm pleasantly comfortable, and am really counting my blessings... *just in having this work, and in having good ideas... such makes the global insecurities seem less imminent.* I sure am glad, at how my own musical creations do have their permanence, in a world of shades, where shifting beliefs, often collide with the ideo



crats rule... my solo instrumental records,  
aren't hard to find, at all. I myself find  
shelter there... *it wouldn't do to have to  
rely on the work of others.* Especially  
when we have an exoteric world to keep  
up, along with an esoteric... *both have to  
agree.* People will make outrageous  
demands upon one's span of attention...  
before you know it the devil has run away  
with it. I always tend to sulk up and go  
inwardly... *but this is how and why I have  
this writing ability... and piano, and  
sketching ability.* For these inward times...  
when angels press closely about, and we're  
in the fold so snugly... this is when good

literature comes easily. After dinner now, and the afternoon sunn is moving around to sink below the north west horizon. I return inside our house and get directly to my own study. This writing is coming along well enough, and the light flowing of piano music is so pleasant to my ears... all from out of my little plastic chip reader emm pea three player. Such a value, for storing and playing back all of my audiophile music... *I think it cost about fifteen dollars.* At any rate. I sit outside in this shack, and play some music through my speaker, while inputting these thoughts now. Mostly clear to cloudy skies tonight, and our

tomorrow's forecast calls for mostly sunny weather. *You've got to have both... rain and shine.* The dusky sun is setting on the horizon now, casting long rays across this whole land... birds are chirping... *sounding off both liking and diss like...* some ask a question, others merely declare their existence... the time and day... *much like myself, I'll know it so much better, if I make notes now, and can scan back across later in the week... I can't see much, except in retrospect.* You see, I'm essentially getting down my 'future self image reflection.'

This is my path to knowing, and cognition.

I believe that the sunn has gone beneath the

horizon, shadows grow more suffused, and everything dimms. At any rate, *to understand this present time, you have to see the twentieth century right, and how the information technology revolution kind of came in stages, generationally.* So let's start with the World War 1 generation. Their parents were unique in that they had witnessed the coming of photography, and the first electricity based inventions. The world prior to the internal combustion engine, was built around steam power. So these engines were large, heavy contraptions, with limited running time, and usefulness... *they weren't useful at all*

*for powering aeroplanes, which were in development... prior to nineteen hundred, gliders and balloons were all that we had.*

Well, the generation that fought in world

War one were unique, also, in that they were the first to see *incandescent lighting*,

and the *telegraph*, and *telephone*, and

importantly, *radio*. All these inventions pretty much exploded onto American life around the start of the twentieth century.

They were used in the war. You see, the

world War two period saw all of these

inventions advance enormously, and

*largely simultaneously*. The children of the

world War two generation were the baby

boomers. These began to see *micro mineature electronics...* and *computers* got much smaller. Now, with radio, anyone could air their views, and opinions. But television was for an elite few. *Computers offered promise that anyone could make their own television station.* This proved to be a huge revolution. *I'll bet that right now, you're reading these words on a Pee Cee or hand held internet device.* You see?

The baby boomers had unique theories.

Everyone's child was destined to be the next Einstein, or Beethoven... such was the influence and power of micro technology. So my generation, the generation eks, was

the first to be really wildly speculated on.

The millennium appeared just ahead, and the world entered shakily into the new age, the Aquarian, and everyone wanted to get in on the fun. *So my books for instance, might be kind of like a swan song for the former age, the Pisces.* I lean heavily on traditional styles in my music, too. At any rate. you get the idea... I'll bet that twenty first century kids are a whole another thing, and might be the first really well adjusted generation in a while... since the nineteenth century... because all of these technologies are so well developed now... *this side of the hill is definitely where we've been*

*headed for a long time.* So we should expect amazing things, as a matter of course. Of course, our culture, this first Aquarian generation has seen some troubles... *It might be that, the older generations should interact more with the youth...* I think that some young people are being left to make wrong choices... without really any older mentor and parental guidance, some of these boys especially don't seem to do good. In some ways, *there simply isn't enough older people with sufficient understanding.* But, we do know that some of the younger generation is more 'in on' the elder wisdoms, these ones



*which are given positive role modeling, from early on... before actually getting 'in the loop,' cognitively, and are taught to respect their elders, and to work only in peaceful ways to accomplish their goals... these might do alright... instilling respect for all life might be something that Hollywood, for instance, might could do better.* In other words, amidst the good guy, and the bad guy, is an invisible plaine, which simply we must act in harmony with, and respect, *or else come face to face with our worst fears... our food we eat... our diet, is really suspect, if you ask me.* I think we'll be doing ourselves a big favor,

if we'll put a rush on developing the laboratory grown meat industry... *maybe our carnivorous diets have seen better days...* and might it be possible, that *the times have changed, and we're maybe expected to evolve, so as to escape nature's criticism.* It's just that the worlds human population has exceeded the ranching industries' capacity to feed meat to all of these people... and might it be possible, that artificially grown meat, might be the last hurdle to cross, to come into real harmony with this new age... it might be something so simple as respect for all life... which sets this step in place? Just some

thoughts. You don't follow my thinking?

Consider the type of consciousness that talks to animals. *Add to this an interactive relationship, consciously, with the spirits of the departed... animals too... this could be the 'new breed.'* We just need to figure out how best to raise children... and how the demographics appear to be... whether kids are thinkers, or doers, might be of great importance. And, what changes in adolescent development has the new age brought, if any? That's why I'm writing these thoughts, now, to somehow sort through and figure out *just what is, and isn't worth talking about.* Well, at any rate,

these are just some ideas. All for now,  
Greg.

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Well, now, a week has passed, and I am returning to pick up with this new twenty twenty three part bee. I believe in this time period... *I believe that it holds many great and wonderful things.* The past week has been... amazing! But doesn't that mean, in a somewhat Byzantine sense, like this one, that all of the intricacies do make

sense... in a complex society, that which we  
set in stone, usually stays put (as in an  
earthquake, we hope,) *and most every good  
endeavor is given it's fair say.* But, we feel  
almost as if we're being asked to transcend  
the rudest of nature... *we only don't know  
quite what...* we know, for instance, that  
there is going to be some weather  
phenomena this year... of course this is  
thought to be so. We just have a hard time  
seeing how even a tiny sparrow could be  
another side of something that dark... or  
that terrible, as those people saw on that  
day. *It's just not true.* At any rate, I myself  
sometimes feel that my best recourse, when

the migraines get this bad, is in stream of consciousness writing, music, or art of any kind... *and right now, that's all I know of.*

The gist, of the months to come, I think, is partly revealed, in this way, *when I initiate*

*a new discernment work book, like this one...* I think that this is why my walking has been hard, since beginning this project,

last week. But, I think, from my perspective, that if the work doesn't bother

me, there will be 'many presents to unwrap,' throughout the year. (By this I mean, new, original literary creations... *in*

*so far as a thing can be new.* As some

contend that our universe, and all of

history, is always comprised of cyclic patterns... this being the norm, and not the exception... *we tend to see a broader panoply of time, than the textbook version, which we're given in school.*) So, this is the upside. Well, the day is Saturday... the first one in June this year. Our skies are sunny this afternoon, and I sit outside in the shade writing this, now. The going having been slow, it's Sunday evening, now, and I'm still mulling over ideas as usual. Through the years I've been given to think often on, *'the artist's role in society.'*

Of all of the ways that this means, my favorite is as a 'citizen of this galaxy.' I

wonder if this, is something which the

Afterlife might be about, outside our awareness... this perspective which is just outside and around this physical plane... and, which, through conception and birth, is then allowed to do such things as drink cold water, eat delicious hot food, and conduct him or herself in the affairs which having such physical life entails. The artist, then, might be conscious of the kind of 'outside,' 'circumspect' Heavenly origins, as which I've described... he seeks, somewhat to be a reminder, here on Earth, of this higher, ascended land, maybe... *and in describing life on Earth, incorporating*



*elements of the ephemeral, in hopes this world will be less hellish.* So, and one will be influenced, both by nature, and nurture, through such life courses. Myself, I brought a lot of reveries, into my existence, at birth, which I then sought to incorporate into music and an art comprised largely of those findings, from 'fugue states,' in general, and especially as in the role of mediumistic sigh kick. And the goal has always been to convey a certain feeling... of complete harmony within one's surroundings, and the sense of full at one moment... *as in having the fresh, green corn ears, is for the grower... which fulfills the*

*customer's needs in a regular and dependable way. Products that give you a reproducible result, and which have intrinsic value beyond that of the media that you put it on, or in... as in intellectual equity. Maybe it's in the focus, which artist's in general put into any creation... who else has made such philosophical and aesthetic considerations? who else has looked at the matter, like the artist? So, his or her work sometimes gets referenced by others looking at the same thing... 'so and so said this, about it.'* At any rate, these are some thoughts. I am thinking some, now and then, about the merciless

effects of the downward frictional weight and pressing of atmosphere, biosphere, and beingness... this being gravity as we know it. The older I get, the harder it is to resist this gravitational pull... and so we have coffee for the quick pick me up. *But our world isn't like this old persons view... I've come to realize, that this is a young persons world... but an old hounds haunt, of the finest order.* My lifetime of works, for instance, are gradually being entrusted unto the younger generations... leaving me out to pasture. You might would wonder, why do you write about commonplace topics... just what about your voice is

unique? Well, as a conscious waking  
mediumistic sigh kick, you reside  
somewhat at the juncture of the worlds  
above, and the worlds below... this is due  
to your appreciation of the Kokopelli's  
dance, at the threshold between the  
worlds... this constant connection forms a  
do odd from out the midst of which, there  
is a constant narrative accounting... *this is  
the origin of all of these ideas.*

Consciousness of this relationship,  
immerses your mind in the *Akashic plaine*  
of Truth, and of complete honesty. This is  
a matter not of this mundane realm of  
corporeal forms, but of the worlds beyond,

outside and around our universe. *There are carefully cultivated gardens around the whole explicate world.* Coming into consciousness of this plaine was a journey which wouldn't wait, in my life... from age twenty three my attention was inwardly given to this 'inside track,' of consciousness. Well, just some thoughts, for those who tend to be skeptical, or otherwise who don't believe in something that they can't see empirically, with their eyes. At any rate, I hope you have found some benefit from within my words. I'll send this along your way now. All for now,  
Greg.

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When one wishes to peer within the gentlest flowings, in language, onto the page, he or she sits at his input device, and allows thoughts to arise. Have you ever seen the way of how, a single hint, or suggestion, like a literary clue, which gives your mind direction, can be the kernel from which an entire world of thought might arise? Ideas like those which get at any of the central Earth mysteries, such as '*who*

*built the pyramids at Giza, and why?'*

...when you can tie in the Holy Bible, for instance, with a self evident monument, like that, by saying, for instance, that (hypothetically) *the Hebrew peoples of antiquity, were in truth, functionaries of the ancient Egyptian priestly classes...* or using another Bible mystery, like the search for the Holy Grail... and *the apparent preponderance of anomalous spiritual phenomena, like the crop circles, of England, statistically, around one certain part of that country (look it up yourself!)*... well, the mind just loves these kinds of mysteries, *and even the mute individual*

*will begin sharing Truth, as it becomes revealed to him or her.* These examples,

for instance, show the Power which thinking or talking about Earth's greatest singular birth, that of the My traya, or Son of God, have in even the modern mind.

*What other topic, in Earths history, has moved so many mountains?* At least, this is something which I tend to think about, alot.

Our society tends to be dee humanizing, and our technology favors the autistic in our society. Imagine the power which a desktop Pee Cee gives unto even a simple person... power like the ability to duplicate an entire library of digital texts, with the



push of a button... *a task which, in Christ's period, would have required a battalion of scribes working non stop, for years and years. Even a foolish retired proof reader, might jokingly ascribe qualities, and powers unto himself, which, of course, aren't really there.* What that person

does have, however, is a direct connection unto the dwellers within the Heavenly plaine of beingness... this in itself, *isn't a power to be miss used, and in fact, is a rare ability, which most people, entirely overlook.* But, to me, it is the central, crucial element in my life, which allows my happiness... *such brings peace, when*

*the times might not be very peaceful.* My literary life is allowed to thrive, as it does... having words, when it might would appear that there aren't any... this is a gift, which is proffered by the Angels. So, a one, having linguistic fluency, (along with ten fingers, and oppose able thumbs,) and seen, especially in context with the Heavenly connection, *can in many ways, work miracles.* I always like writings which approach those central Earth mysteries... and all the more, when the person has this special '*linguistic fluency.*' I think, that this is mainly what Earth's creatures are about... *the saying, 'Heaven*

*and Nature sing,' is no mere triviality...  
when a person is in possession of the gifts,  
mentioned above. Especially, that of being  
able to enscribe ones' thoughts, at will...  
easily, and doing so, in the universal  
format, as our society has, in the binary,  
digital text files, which can be shared in the  
internet. The animals rejoice, at this  
certain Future! (As long as one's guidance  
is sound, and can quickly spot errors!  
Without this special ability, then nothing  
else would work.) The animals rejoice!*  
Well at any rate, all this might be true, but  
a writer like myself can't much understand  
a father's concerns... because I've never

been a father! (So I try and not pretend to know of such!) *That's an example of my self criticism... which I think is nearly as good, a thing, as actually having an editor, would be.* At any rate, just some thoughts.

Can the reader see, though, how, this writing is somewhat made only 'against the wind,' and doesn't come easily? This is easily overlooked. *Writing is sometimes like hiking a steep rocky trail, with the elements somewhat diss agreeing.* It's just made to look effortless. See? But in truth, a writing is a groping effort... reaching for, the writer is not sure what. *But that's the Lord's power, there, to work through a*

*person, and to reveal truth onto lasting media, and, only over time. I think, that the person who said, there aren't any miracles any more, never considered what focused power, through a person's mind, can do, onto a page... or the sheer eloquence that can come from humble origins. I myself can mostly stammer. But God through me is limitless. (Here, I was thinking of the term, 'competent,' but this device's auto complete function suggested 'limitless.')* Well, just some thoughts. At any rate, I hope the reader can see, how, *while someone may be mentally challenged, the Spirit, through him or her,*

*yet can do very good.* And see, how, good writing is an interplay of symbols and 'diagrams,' of sorts... you might still have doubts and questions... you might have to settle for 'make shift...' *but at least, you'll take home assurance that, 'you followed your dreams.'* So there you are. A short article, in a more voluminous life's work... most things are like this, if you'll think. All for now, Greg.

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At around my age nineteen, I began getting  
into recording myself playing  
improvisational piano, and I began getting  
serious about this instrument. Maybe it's no  
coincidence, that such heralded a six year  
plunge for myself, when I had to learn to  
live with an agitated condition and the  
pains of addiction, *and to somewhat  
familiarize myself with spiritual realities,  
which I was then newly conscious of.*

Aristotle spoke of the '*prime movers*,' as  
being the immovable forces, acting upon a  
person, which become the source of  
religiosity, for him or her. As a child, I was

born as a spiritually unaware young person.

In other words, a chemical imbalance controlled excessive amounts of my waking mind. I was easily tricked, and kept putting myself in compromising, and embarrassing positions. I was blind to these realities... although I had a great reading life, (*thanks to my parents, and mentors*) and experienced healthy friendships. Only my relationship with myself was, in hindsight, somewhat shallow. *I was the only one I couldn't see.* The only parts of my life which I really had mastery in, were the things which I enjoyed doing... reading, playing the piano, riding



my bike, exploring the woods, sketching, writing... I wasn't much good at school, and disliked it, except for the classes where I was naturally talented. Getting up early to catch the school bus was horrible... my personal appearance was not anything I was satisfied with. *My clothes didn't fit properly, my arms and legs were too skinny... I couldn't get my hair to look right.* But I learned, eventually to tolerate myself enough, until I could finally graduate. College didn't really work out, so I got a menial job, and managed pretty good, for about a decade or more of punching the clock, and self medicating on

my off time. But, eventually, I succumbed to the migraines, and complex light effects which my mind and consciousness began experiencing, and had to begin getting social security disability insurance benefits around my age twenty three. (My Dad had seen my increasing detachment, and how I was becoming adrift, and going inward... he helped enormously, by securing this income for me, so that I could keep an apartment.) *I had some difficult years, but that kind of aimless lonely walking led me into group home living, where I now can have a more or less good life.* Now, I'm somewhat in pursuit of the 'golden moment'

the part of my artistic life, where every work is seen as successful. The work is hard, but I feel like I am doing my best. I do get migraines any time new projects are gestating, which my heart yoga practice is hard put to solve. But, at any rate, I'm sitting out here where the grasses begin, again... I'm impressed with all of the birds merrily chirping, and the perfect weather... *it's clear to me, again, how today is just as beautiful a day, as any there ever has been.* So I'm reminded to 'set my burdens down,' because they don't amount unto anything at all! I'm such a mirror... so let me share some joy, like these wild nature spirits... If

I continue to sigh, and pine, I might get the wrong idea! So lighten up, Greg. As old as the planet is, there are still so many good things to rejoice about... so no more of the heavy weight... because my heart is all good this morning. At any rate, I'm sitting out here listening to a recent recording of mine, and I have just decided, it's maybe the best of the year, so far. *It's the season for good jazz!* Our skies are sunny, with puffs of white billows floating by overhead, like animals on parade! This much is true... we're all just one big family, living, and sharing, and singing out into the sky. *I think the growers could use some*

*rain, but this is sure a pleasant spring day,*  
I don't think the temperature will be much  
over eighty, today. The gentle breezes  
make the trees sway beautifully, and all is  
as a dream. There are a few really strong  
videos in my home collection. Doing good  
video work isn't easy, and it's the most  
rewarding pursuit. *But I spend too much  
time over working... letting local spiritual  
intelligence put me on the treadmill...* By  
this I don't mean mortal intelligence, but  
inn corporeal... there are just a few really  
difficult personality types, who I think  
everyone can agree on. With myself, being  
inwardly centered makes me always want

to get away from trouble makers, and find something with redeeming value to focus upon. But to me, just 'hanging out' and never growing equity is a waste, *so I have my own program, and receive guidance from within and about myself.* If you had etheric vision, as some do, wouldn't you want to 'multiply your grain airies,' and be fruitful? So I don't think that I understand some people's wasting. I think that anyone, if shown good inner motivation, and tools and resources, would see this way. *Early parental artistic role modeling makes a lot of difference, especially when the going gets tough.* Therapeutic patterns of most

any kind are helpful... I especially tend to work through things, externally, in my journal, *and then call the trouble behind me.* Having a personal smart device is invaluable, but that's not to say, that pen and notebook won't work, as well. *The main thing about what I believe is the importance of the 'artistic impetus.'* If one is stagnant, you'll only have to be impressed by another's inspired relating of spiritual realities, and truths. Especially if there's a connection between you... history or happenstance. *Meaning in one's life often comes from unseen peers, who maybe have, like yourself, invested time, energy,*

*or talent into something worth aspiring unto.* You might not be aware of them until much later in time, at which point you'll then know, you were lonely, but not alone.

There are dreamers, and then there are dreamers. Well, I've about covered everything I had hoped to. I'll bring this writing to a close, now. All for now, Greg.

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Our minds are 'no boundaries' kinds of things. All human minds and



consciousnesses are inter connected, on some level. *We spend most of our time watching the signs, at the juncture of inside and outside... this is where the Kokopelli's dance will always amaze and confound ourselves.* Such always makes me think, and ponder... because, you tend to ask yourself, *'What does this mean?' in an abstract sense.* This is why we have to ponder. We know, for instance, that if an earthquake happened here, all boundaries would be crossed, in the violent shaking.

*Health, wealth, power, prestige... most buildings along an serious earthquake fault line are reduced to rubble.* Similarly,

there are weather phenomena, which  
obliterate anything along their path.

Hurricanes and tornados are two which my  
region has yearly to contend with. If you  
think about it, *tornados are just too, too,  
wicked*. So, we're getting rain this  
weekend? *Well, then, we have to have a  
plan*, in case the cloud layer sends down an  
rolling twisting finger of a violently  
spinning air vortex. Well, every once in a  
while, we get a wake up call... *an alien  
invasion*... which leaves us pondering what  
kind of malice might it represent... so we  
don't always know, and sometimes are just  
left without answers. Many of us see and

experience the world through an animistic lens, and therefore tend to see such things as bad storms, lightning, and earthquakes as animate entities, which indeed seem to act with intent to destroy life and property. As I sit here, we're still pondering over the morning's troubles... Well, after lunch, now, and I sit down to write a few thoughts. I think that I worry too much... *'que ser ah, ser ah'* *'whatever will be will be, the future's not ours to see.'* *'Que ser ah, ser ah.'* to quote the song. This is Saturday evening. Our temperatures have been in the middle eighties today. Rain is in the forecast for tonight, and some of the storms

could get severe. This may could be the reason behind the sigh kick anomaly, earlier. *At any rate, any more 'no boundaries,' than this, right now, and I would be innun dated by these crashing waves... completely coming over the sides of my vessel.* I know, we're at the start of the Atlantic hurricane season, and this is probably the *driving factor*, for these kinds of mentalist spells, like I'm experiencing now. We think it's the wind and rain, because, well, what else could it be? At any rate, I am glad to be a small part of this present time, in Earth, and always hope for the best. *In order to make music that*

*resonates with the human soul, you have to understand sonic ambience, and minimalism... and you have to get how, 'More is not better! Less is more!'* Also, momentum and forcefulness always have to be carefully modulated... pounding upon the piano keys, with out regard for the minimalist sonic ambient picture is wrong. These are principles I live by every time I go to play. Any time I sit at the piano, it necessitates four or five tries, over an whole afternoon of playing and recording, before my good musical mind begins to unfurl, in music. (So, if you're turned away by my beginning playing, let me warm up

for a few takes, and then see how I sound to you.) At any rate, I rest here upon this bed, and input this text into this smart device's word processor software. *My problems with the new record behind me*, I lay here listening to the thunder of the approaching rain... the local growers are about to get some relief from the dry weather. Well, we got some drizzling rain last night, and it's still gray skies in the following morning... I have to dry my clothes in the electric dryer. Living is such a mixed blessing, and I still deal with slow starting most mornings... *metabolic by products usually have me down for a while*,

*following waking, but we still have to do the routine each day, no excuses.* I mainly want cold water when I first wake up, so that, 'out with the old, in with the new,' this way will chase the bad funk on through. At any rate, seeing how much better I feel, when I get to sit down with my morning soft drink, and look again at this writing, I can see, ***I don't have half the trouble I thought I had!*** You see what writing can do, to constructively pass the time... but life isn't always like that... young people have, sometimes, ancestral callings. Alcoholism runs strong in many families, and there are always dues to pay... music

and video subculture has to be reconciled all along the way. Bohemian living, might be the heart of some paths, other's paths are *'cleanliness is next to Godliness.'* Some have both. *Parental guidance should definitely always take hereditary forces into consideration.* On the one hand, aspiring writers want to live, and find it out for themselves, the ways of subculture... with out authentic experiences, what makes a voice really stay with you? *The questions are philosophical, and can be so real... and momentous... so profound.* The musician, poet, Lou Reed said, parenting is, *'the*



*beginning of the great adventure.'*

To paraphrase, a journey 'not to be thoughtlessly embarked upon.' At any rate,

I hope this writing presently suffices to

amuse and appease... as a rest and

refreshment always comes when the hiker reaches the well spring. *Well, that's really all there is to it.* When the mind gets easily tripped over into a sir reality, in reading, or

listening, *this might be the only time we really enter into the fullness of what the writer or musician is actually speaking*

*about.* Through clever usage of imagery, and suggestion, the spirit, (through you,) can

*help to uplift that spirit, from the*

*saddle sore mind brain junction, into a richer appreciation of the nature of the literature.* Unless a person makes this leap, into seeing the thing through a 'quantum lens,' with the 'sir realist perspective,' he or she's really working pretty hard... maybe too hard. If I could tell my future self something meaningful, it's how, to be sure, 'Your work ethic is definitely there...'

'You've gotten some of your very best work done, in the recent five years... just as importantly, you've put it out there where the listener is... *but could it be that life is testing you?* Are we just having to stare in the face of, *what feels like, must be some of*

*the worst hurricane and cyclone  
destruction, we've ever seen, later this  
year?* See, it's not that you're a bad person,  
or anything, you're probably just doing the  
work you always dreamed you could do...  
*it's just that the future's feedback is clearly  
in the red... so you know what this means...*

*hold on tight.'* Well, at any rate. I'm so  
grateful for this gentler voice, reminding  
me not to forget... the modern world isn't  
all about cherry cola... a bigger part of  
every hour is in the manual labor... road  
crews, roofers, painters, truck drivers... our  
big economy works like this. 'So, you're  
calling yourself a writer? A pianist? *Then*

*hammer it out every day.'* 'Our culture has two or three rest days out of every seven... so, *there's always work that needs doing.'*

Well, just some thoughts. 'Find, through your work, the affirmation you need...

***don't let yourself despair of 'being resourced,' because that's just what you're here to do... not just to make, but to share quality media.'*** Well, the breezes are blowing across the land, and our sunn is trying to come through the clouds. Birds, cicadas and grasshoppers are making up an accompaniment to the wend sounds, in the trees. I feel good, to have told myself the truth of these things, through this. You can

go just months and months of toil and mental labor, before remembering that special quality of experience called sir reality and inner vision which some young people listen to music for. (*Who make their own ways, like what you made, only don't forget about this special waking dream state... when you're old.*) This is why I believe in coffee, in general, and in the special release this can bring. Such hearkens back to the wonder of being young... and the recollection of knowing a few definite ways to Shambahla. *This which the writer finds, though, is the essential human mystical experience...*

*geared mainly around the making of music  
and video. It's the toil and mental labor  
part that gets to me, most commonly. It's  
quite a ways, to walk a thing back from a  
primacy requires courage and tenacity to  
not give it up, until it's back 'in the black.'*  
Well, all for now. I'll send this along your  
way now. Greg.

~

As children, pre teens, and teens we were,  
back in the nineteen eighties, we were avid

and proficient ten speed biking experts.

My Dad had such a bike, *and when I wanted one of my own, he had procured one just for me.* We really rode all over our county, *these country roads beckoned,* and nearly every week, we had to get a long ride in. We would have some spending money in our pockets, and our rides centered around the corner stores, which were our goals, in many ways, and our rest stations... there was not much any better than arriving at a country store, after a five or more mile stretch of pedaling. When you come in the front door of a cantina, or country store, it's such a heavenly smell...

like walking into the Promised Land... the refrigerators, and ice cream freezers especially, and the air conditioning... it all feels so good. We could spend our money on soft drinks, and potato chips, and quench our powerful thirsts, in this way... and we could play video games... there were Space Invaders types of games, Pac Man, Frogger, and, my favorite, Asteroids... I felt that I was pretty good at this one, and played it until all of my money was gone. Then, we would get back on our bikes, and finish our trek... going back, the way we had came, or just finishing a round trip circuit... one trip in



particular was a long one... we would go fifty miles, round trip, before arriving back home. We did this jaunt many times, *and the country stores along the way, were our watering holes.* Well, this audio book writing program has similar goals... as in when I finish a chapter, or get a particularly good article completed.

There's nothing like the satisfaction this brings, and when you're almost at the end of a chapter, or have finished a whole book, the rewards I choose... *especially the ice water pitcher fulls, to quench my thirst, are so very very delicious.* I'll never forget some of the rewards, this path brings me

almost weekly... *pitcher fulls of ice water,*  
*that taste almost like ambrosia itself...* not  
to mention, my nicotine breaks... when  
your work is coming along well, or you're  
nearly at a goal, *these rewards are just*  
*heavenly.* So, these are the things that  
make my world go around... this of which I  
am writing *are some of the ultimate*  
*'blessings of liberty,' I have ever found, in*  
*my life.* You see, I find some of the same  
types of rewards as a grown up, which the  
little child found... *only the journeys I*  
*travel now, are in literature, on the written*  
*page... or in music, as a new piano album,*  
*or a new sketching in visual art.* But, the

treats are just as good. Well, I wanted to share this little story, as I am coming to the conclusion of my part one of this audio book. I hope, you can get through this writing, a sense of 'why do I do this kind of thing in the first place?' *Its the cold refreshments, and the satisfying rewards...* having your writing or music at a good place, the finer things we treat ourselves to, occasionally, as people, *then taste, and feel, just so much better.* I've been saving these images, these memories, for decades, and and am thrilled to find a way to use them! *It's just that, the last audio book, with the Moon imagery, was an important*

*project for me, and I'm super glad to have it behind me.* I really feel like it captures the essence of this time, in history so well. Well, all for now. I'll wrap this writing up, and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

In conclusion unto this first part of this twenty twenty three audiobook, this morning, *I have to say that which I've*

*already stated... in particular, how, young Aquarian minds have to have peers, as well as mentors... and, I think that, seeing how, it's thought we're only twenty five years along into this new Age, and therefore there aren't many Aquarian elders just yet.*

Maybe they've all gone out into the universe, or whatever. We don't really know. *But, my sources of greatest strength always were, and still are, my elders, and the special wisdom that only time can impart.* Around my age thirty or so, I was given a digital copy of my family albums, and so I learned not only who everyone was, but, whose gone on before. *As my*

*writing began to gather momentum, into my thirties, I began to somewhat sort my mind out... why some things are, and others aren't... and I began to somewhat grow, in **Godly wisdom**. I entered into group home living around age thirty four, and so my learning curve was steep... I grew by leaps and bounds... and now can effectively write, and choose paths, not solely by intuition, alone, but in knowledge and wisdom. Twenty year old's need elder wisdom today. Some are in contact with elders, some are not. Part of the problem, might be that all of the old people hail from the Age of Pisces... there aren't good*

Aquarian wisdom keepers... or, this being a new age, we don't exactly know how teenage development goes, in this period, as we're familiarizing ourselves with this time period, *and its panoply, for instance... could the Lord reach kids better, if we knew more about how to stay in His will?*

**Today?** And kids should know to, *'Be who you are... not what people's sometimes bad expectations of you appear to dictate.'*

Well, just some thoughts. You've got to impart good elder sense into kids, or they're in trouble. *They have to know how to think and make their own judgments, to an extent.* Isn't real life like a computer

operating system, and you have to use your  
common sense? But I definitely feel the  
resistance to this new development... that's  
for sure. Steep, uphill going. Well, that's  
about all I've got right now, I'll send this  
along your way now. Greg

~

IN STARTING THIS PART TWO, of this



twenty twenty three part bee audio book,  
this morning, there's a pleasant story, from  
the waning days of my childhood, which I  
would like to relate. My Dads Dad, my  
Grandad Vernon and myself weren't very  
close, for much of my childhood, but his  
affectionate smile graced me and my  
Grandmother's play visits, almost monthly.  
Not much time would pass, and I would  
have to have another visit with my  
Grandparents, who lived in a nice  
neighborhood of my home town, and were  
respected members of the local community.  
I'll never forget squeezing into her recliner  
next to her... *Grandmamma and me...and*

*Grandad across from us...* throughout my childhood, on our monthly visits....

watching network television shows, such as Mutual of Omaha's '*Wild Kingdom*,' and the '*Lawrence Welk Show*,' as well as situation comedies, such as '*Samford and Son*,' '*the Jeffersons*,' and the country variety show, '*Hee Haw*.' Grandad especially liked the afrocentric comedies, as his work put him in contact with many black drivers, for the freight lines where he was *Vice President of employee relations*. (To somewhat digress, his specialty was in solving disputes between, the corporation, and the drivers, upon whom the company relied.

*This trucking company had the reputation, of being the first in the nation to pioneer the 'owner operator,' system for their drivers, which meant that the driver owned his own cab, and was solely responsible for it's care and maintain nance. Prior to this advancement, back to the nineteen thirties, and before, trucking companies maintained ponderous fleet lines of vehicles, which were difficult to keep up and running, as each trucks' maintain nance was seen unto entirely by the company. The 'owner operator' system freed the freight company to focus on its specialty... freight trailers, and getting the freight to its destinations...*

and the drivers owned their own cabs. *This was a revolutionary advancement in the trucking industry.*) Back to my story.

Grandad loved sitting stretched out in his recliner, smoking his aromatic pipe tobacco, and munching peanuts, and watching these favorite television shows. I'd love to sit with him and Grandmamma again, and feel our family ties. *Peace, Grandad.* I'll never forget his generous grin and laughter, especially, at the antics of the stars on the television programs... that color television gave us a focal point, apart from our meals, and I loved my Grandmamma as well, and we just shared

these great evenings together. As it's so true, how good things 'can't last forever,' my childhood began petering out, around my age twelve or thirteen, *and changes of puberty began to take effect, in my life.*

(Today, 'death has no victory,' is one of my favorite sayings, and I've completely put away those childhood things.) ***But, I'll never forget, Grandad Vernon taking me to go fly a kite.*** I was just beginning to have to deal with teenage insecurities, and

Grandad took me all the way in to the hobby shop, in the quiet neighborhood down the mountain from where he and Grandmamma lived, and let me pick out a

kite kit. It was then back to their house, to assemble it, *and then there was just one thing left... going to a suitable location to fly it.* Owing, I think to the breezy weather which we were having that weekend, kite flying had surfaced, as something I had always wanted to do, with my fascination with planes, and aeronautics, and space travel in general... *so, I'm pretty sure my Grandmamma approved of me and Grandad going to fly this kite this breezy Saturday morning.* I'll never forget the look of pride on Grandad's face, as we had complete success in launching this kite, and letting the string play out, to what must

have been two hundred feet height or so...  
the tail of the kite dangling down below it's  
main diamond shaped sail part... and  
serving as the necessary balance, to keep it  
upright in flight, and prevent it from  
beginning to spin, or wave about  
erratically. So, despite the looming  
changes of adolescence, in my life, myself  
and my Grandad found a nearly complete  
victory, that morning, bringing a win from  
out of an ordinary time... *and I realized  
how very much my Grandad cared for me...  
throughout his quiet dignity, and his  
somewhat separate ways...* when me and  
Grandmamma had visiting time, his

approval was just completely necessary, for the quality of our television viewing afternoons, and nights. I remember being so lost in this television viewing, that my rear end would begin aching painfully... from the strain of sitting so many long hours upon it... *I always loved looking at Grandad's amused and bemused expressions*, while we three watched these programs, on their console tee vee. I felt like I was somehow *'in on'* the whole Norton pride and joy, at my Grandparents happy marriage, and my Mom and Dad were always willing to let me go spend a weekend with my loving Grandparents.



There was no worry associated with these visits, and I seem to remember how these visits let my Mom and Dad have more time to themselves, for their trips away from home... I seem to remember them going on Dad's company trips, which were offered as incentives, as Dad's work was good, at one of the largest advertising agencies in my hometown. One trip was to the West Coast, and another, I think, was to Spain, and the Island of Mallorca. At any rate, this story is nearly complete, *but I offer it as what I hope is conclusive and compelling evidence that our family was indeed happy...* my childhood was nearly the best I

could have even ever imagined, as I had love from both grandparents, on both my Moms and Dads side of the family. It was only the childhood miss adventure of 'loss of my innocence,' and onrushing grown up emotions of an somewhat confused puberty... *I think we all felt that our good happiness and fun family times were being somewhat torn away from ourselves, as my adolescence coincided with their old age changes... as I began entering into company of the 'eclectic audience,' of my future publishing exposures, in the twenty first century world which was to come...* they started getting feeble, just as I was

beginning my *existential reckoning*, as a writer, and musician, and artist in general. *It was hard to say 'goodbye to yesterday,'* but, in a way, this is what I'm doing here, in this writing now. And, I think many families go through changes like these; children are always coming of age, and the 'rites of passage' are no easier now than they've ever been... that's for sure. (By the way, I'm completely sympathetic with Grandad's former tobacco usage... as I smoked for twenty three years, myself. There would be nothing better I would like to do, right now, than light up, and savor the taste and aroma of a moist, bourbon

sprinkled bowl of smoke... but that stuff will kill you. *It was good while it lasted... until I became conscious of the harm it does, and vaying became an option for myself.* But, I think I'm more thirsty, right now, for cool water, than for tobacco... and

I can have all the water I want... these cravings are easy to fix, with a swig or two of water. *Thirsty type cravings remind me that I am in fact real, and I am not making this up, or imagining it... this is not a dream.)* In a way, its always hard to "say goodbye" to yesterday, but this is what I try to do here, now. *Also, I give my heartfelt blessings to the times we did share...*

*precious memories are irreplaceable!*

Well, I'll wrap this writing up, and send along your way, now. All for now, Greg.

~

If I think about it, I sometimes find elements of imperfection, in my writing, music, and design, which I often then feel called to improve upon, or perfect. **Is this, then, the part of the art that gets revised, and amended, or does the artist let it go?**

*I think, this question is a profound one,*

*and I've thought a lot about it.* Maybe, it's important, at times, to loosen how we see the artist, and to allow him or her to permit a little imperfection to enter his collective visage, so as not to 'bore,' the reader, who seems to ask for some spontaneity, *and who seeks an art that refuses to conform to rigid expectations.* If I can live with imperfection, then I must be pretty secure within my own self concepts, and self esteem. In music, this comes up commonly. Some audio artists, have used electronic distortion effects to drastically change the character of his or her sound.

Doesn't this have important cultural

connotations? I think that distortion, and working with some inherent noise symbolizes a 'breakthrough,' from the rigid ways of seeing, the partisan grid lock, and the finite, self limiting self concepts, which don't allow for thorough free expression, and which some communities are often characterized by. This might also mean, a refusal to conform to the expectations of others. How can we have an art based on free expression, which has an immediacy and freshness, *and which preserves the primacy of its own formative stages, in its completed form?* If you're playing guitar, or piano, you might say, 'This is what this

instrument sounds like... played in a traditional fashion, *and this is the way it sounds played unconventionally*. These are the stages of development which the piece came through. *Is it any wonder that some art changes minds, and brings about revolutions in the ways we see ourselves and our world?* So much motion, and emotion is built into some works. When the artist's life is dedicated to the spirit, and is steeped in vision, and based in values of self transformation, *the end product changes lives. This itself is a blessing*. You might just look at the surface appearances of a life like mine, and



not notice, how very spirit directed it is.

*But, spirit is present and concerted on the inside, and so thus directs and manipulates*

*light and spiritual intelligence itself, to*

*essentially make full usage of the living*

*years.* This is not to say that the person

never makes mistakes, or is always above

sin, but the spirit is a relentless force,

working internally to work only good

through that self, and so continually brings

the self back into the fullness of grace...

*even after things may have gone wrong.* A

person must keep good sense of

perspective... *the weight of the world... it's*

*not all on you, although the dark forces*

*try to tell you it is.* When you've found your 'breakthrough' then you'll see things so much clearer. Your art doesn't necessarily conform to the rigid expectations of others... that's part of what it is, and isn't. The noise and distortion in a sound, *symbolizes a more or less full break from the status quo, from the expectations of others, and heralds liberation and release.* Anyways, as I sit here listening to my music on this optical playback device, I'm reminded again, of how grateful I am, at the Good Lord having brought me through another rainy week, last week... *we're finally back into just*

*good sunshine weather.* The breezes are blowing across, though, and are a reminder, of sorts, so that we not forget what wind and rain together are capable of. Those of us who have survived close calls with the weather before, know how windy weather is irksome, and is direct proof of nature's power... all weather and atmospheric changes on Earth is caused by two things: moisture, and atmospheric heat, from the sun. *As moisture in the lower atmosphere is heated, it tends to displace the higher, dryer air, and can produce these rolling, twisting vortices called cyclones.* At any rate, I've recently come to somewhat more

full appreciation of the music of *Jimi Hendrix*... I keep thinking, of how that overdriven, distorted sound was such an essential ingredient in the madness, and wonder of the nineteen sixties... *those distorted guitars, signaled, in some ways, the big breakthroughs into micro minny ature electronics*... putting ever greater computing power, into smaller packages became the heart of the personal computer revolution, and nowadays, *even our smart phones and hand held tablets pack the powers of a supercomputer*. My own phone has an eight core central processing unit, for instance. I'm interested, somewhat in

getting the most out of this processing power, *so I keep checking the app stores, in hopes that I'll find software, which can do this.* At any rate. I think that there's a big revolution coming nowadays... and it will be in the form of factory laboratories, which will grow the meat we want them to.

So this might just be the breakthrough we're looking at... not war, or famine, but *an end to them both, or meaning you wouldn't need much land to raise meat!*

But, the other thing is really scarcity of water. You read of melting glaciers and sea level rise, and of course this would necessitate coastal areas finding new water

sources, as many of these aquifers will become saline, or brine. *If there were a good way to purify this brine, we might have to find it, as hundreds of millions of people live along the coast world wide.*

Some have speculated that the coming water crisis will lead to war. ***But, in temperate lands, water rains down almost weekly, so we just need to catch this water.***

I think that large scale rainwater harvesting will be big business in the future. And, who on Earth is not dealing with looming water shortages? *If you had really unlimited reserves of fresh water, think of the position your company would be in! Or*

maybe the answer is more in 'do it yourself'  
catching of this rainwater, for your  
personal use. At any rate, just some  
thoughts. *The recent three decades of this  
new Aquarian Age have been riddled with  
death, and destruction.* We won't know  
what to do when our diets are fully  
vegetarian, laboratory grown meat diets...  
nature will work a great peace, and  
prosperity, and our youth will have a much  
brighter future. But many of us will still  
feel the need to live in conflict, with the  
meat we eat... taken from live animals...  
killed. *But, then one day, those people will  
wake up to the harm they do to themselves,*

*and begin living holistically. All of their angst, anguish, and diss ease turns to bliss, peace and light. The 'enemy within,' just dries up.* The past two years have been hard won. It's interesting to think, how it might be easier in a brighter tomorrow. Well, just some thoughts. I've wanted to write these thoughts, to give you a sense of some of my deepest inner meanderings, and questings. Aren't you just fascinated? Well, I hope you can see a brighter future, through these words, and on this Summers Solstice week this year, here's hoping for a more peaceful twenty twenty four. All for now, I'll send these



thoughts along your way now. Greg.

~

***Innerlife - One word.***

*It might could be said, that we're only really happy in our lives, as we're able to get the sense of emptiness from out of our minds. The Eastern Mysticism of Tao talks about the usefulness of a vessel consisting*

in its hollowness... I think, that this should be seen as our *Minds*, not our *heads*. Our heads are not hollow, and I think this is the wrong view to try and keep. *We are solid human mammals, through and through.*

The sense of an internal 'cavity,' is untrue, or so it appears to me. So, we should close this gap, and remember that as mammals, we are solid, and made of dense living matter. At any rate, I find myself this lovely warm and temperate morning in late June, to be gladly getting right back to my word processor, with a sense of not wishing to 'languish,' or 'laze.' *After all, my inner spirit is with me, I believe, and I am happy*

with the first two pieces written in this audiobook part two, already. So, moving right along, I notice, today, that I appear to be allowing someone close to myself to affect my thoughts... *when, I really don't mean to be criticizing someone else's behavior, or letting them worry me, at all...*

this is not my nature. The 'dark side,' in my life wants nothing less than for me to loose my own wits, in criticizing the behavior of someone nearby... and if I am not careful, this is what appears to happen. How truly wrong it is to forget one's own uniqueness, and individual specialties in favor of criticizing someone else's mental

illness symptoms, *someone who always acts in the same crazy ways.* I hereby offer, that we're all given our own unique array of gifts, and talents, but we'll never get along with every one, all the time, but we should just '*make ourselves content,*' because *the path we walk, our inner voyage, it never, ever ends...* not in this world, or any world. It is a beautiful, sunny and mild afternoon, and I'm enjoying sitting out here in this shack, and incrementally writing this piece presently. I had a lot of real experiences as a youth... *hiking, camping, cycling,* and I had a lot going for me in the form of books I had

read, and magazines, which, I subscribed to two or three, in my parents nest. But when I left home, I began realizing how different my ways were... *as I somewhat felt that I had to follow an inner directive, in unraveling the mysteries of my own mind...* this proved to be a lifelong calling... only I wanted to keep my own apartment, and so for ten years I pretty much was in quest for the 'ideal bachelor life.' I nearly died, from self injury, twice, *before realizing I needed to be in a group, boarding, or foster type home.* Why these self injuries? Well, problem drinking runs in my family, and I had isolationist ways... *I just wanted the*

*company of my own thoughts... and I wouldn't socialize properly. This way doesn't stay connected with reality, and, gets all lost, in the 'sea of consciousness.' I completely lost my bearings, twice. I today know I have to eat my meals with others, for instance. Without this inner light source, you get lost, and I'm no exception. People need people. So this was a difficult set of lessons to learn, and time was the only teacher. I finally shed the agitated condition, but this put me in the position of being a super power of the written word, and of piano, right around that millennial time, of nineteen ninety nine to two*

*thousand and two.* And, that was a tough time. Although I did my best, I back slid into drinking and pills by two thousand and three, and had my last self injury, and nearly died. *I don't ever want to let myself get worn down like that again.* So I'm staying where I've got help.

I was reading, yesterday, and came across the notion, of how, *'today's emotional palate is best perceived from tomorrow's perspective.'* I said, 'That is exactly why I am writing, right now, in my life...' so that, five or ten years from now, five days from now, *I'll be able to easily sort my worries out, and I'll have abundant insight... just*

*through looking at this writing.* Does this make any sense to you? I'll see, for instance, if I'm looking more up into the sky, for understanding, or more down at the ground around my feet. I guess that this has always fascinated me... and I think this is something like, tapping into the twenty two hundred eyesight, (if today's vision is twenty twenty,) *which only thorough hind sight can bring.* If you're like me, you're looking at the future, as a winding path, or meandering stream. Seeing 'up around the bend,' is difficult. We look to our 'future self-image reflection.' And, perhaps, we look to the hyper realism of science fiction,



to show unto us the most likely accurate visions of the future. Can you remember, how the biggest science fiction operas of all time, in movies, *were those which showed penetrating insights into man kinds future nature environment adaptive technologies, and necessities.* We all imagine how our natural environment may become harsher, especially, as in, living on another planet, elsewhere in the solar system. These harsher realities have intrigued mankind for a century or more, and in recent years, we've come to somewhat expect that our own planet Earth will somewhat become more inn hospitable

climate, such that we have to wear special pollution filters, or temperature regulating suits, in order to move around much outside. *So, and, we're expecting certain parts of our environmental climate to change...* such as having less land area, after a damaging rise in sea levels... much of our present coastal properties might be simply inn unn dated in saltwater... *especially our aquifers, from which we get our drinking water.* I myself, like science fiction which reinforces conservative views of a future, wherein certain resources are simply scarcer, or where we have to wear special breathing apparatus when going

outside... *in many ways, this is already true.* Indeed, certain cities spend much of each year completely engulfed in dense smog... you don't have to think too hard, to see, how this is pollution you might would want to filter out, and not breathe on a daily basis. So, you'll often see people in certain cities wearing face masks, to filter their air. At any rate. Paths of life, like physics, science, or art, or architecture, eventually lead the devotee into full fledged enlightenment of the soul. *For the inn experienced traveler, with many worldly ties, and memories, who enters haplessly into consciousness of the deveda*

*chaic, etherial plaine of being, this type of awareness, and living is usually fatal, to the person. I think that the old saying, of how, 'Its easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God.'* I think this passage is from the Book of Mark, in the Bible. Look it up for yourself. It's just that the journeys which always descend upon the late bloomer, who enters into this consciousness later in life, are so inn exhaustible, and endless, that these myriad inn exhaustible journeys consume his or her entire life for all the times thereafter... *such that they will eventually lead him*

*even into his fleshly demise, and into Eternity.* Furthermore, I think these inner journeys continue even into the world to come, beyond the grave, and into any and every realm he or she will ever inhabit. As a child of my parents, I was somewhat born into a Garden of Eden, of sorts, *which I was promptly thrown out of, with the loss of that childhood innocence.* Due to sexual arousal, and it's good or bad consequences, my childhood innocence drained out by age thirteen or fourteen, and for the remainder of my life, *I became somewhat prioritized around restoring this lost innocence.* At first, I would pop a pill to regain this

effect, this contemplative repose, and blissful peace... *and thus became ensnared in teenage addictions, which I wouldn't tell anyone of, but which weren't any secret, unto my peers, unfortunately.* These other kids, kind of labeled myself as an dishonest cheat, *who sought to achieve Buddah like peace, and bliss, through artificial means...* so, when I left my parents nest, after graduating high school, I just plummeted like a rock into a chasm. It was only a matter of time, then, before I was compelled, every hour of the day, to self medicate so as to escape the pain and anguish, which I was then beset with... *a*

*crippling agitated condition, which I couldn't speak of, but which dominated my entire life. As if that weren't real enough, of a sudden, waking up in the hospital, in the recovery ward, this pain was entirely cleared, and I haven't felt it sense. Only now possessed of a great need to avoid the travails of sin of any kind, and to, for all intents and purposes remain always upright... so as to never fall into this chasm again. But, I would say, that even this social walk, in group home living was, for nearly two decades, simply beset with frisky presences, upon the astral plaine, and therefore couldn't live free from sin*

and shame, *or resist these beauties*, for a long time. So whether this was a kind of entry fee, into the heavenly consciousness, or into the Aquarian Age, or for having walked away from the Millennial time, with such rare treasures as the Stream of Consciousness audio book, and the Book of Tav Kerr... *such heavy talismans, they appeared, came with a price...* my totally over sexed being knew that the fire had to run its course, only this took twenty years of my life... for this fire to cool. *So if this was Hinduism, I'm glad that its 'beHind' me today, because that Tantra wore me out!* I could have died. At any rate. I can say,



to paraphrase a favorite, *'The good byes we carved on your tomb, never came true,'* at all... because this Heaven is so real, so present... and, because the tree is lush with verdant greenery. *The tree of life.* Well, all for now. I could say a lot more, about, say, how my nose has been practically worn off, *from being rubbed in the miss deeds of others, and other such dramatics,* but I'll keep it, for it's only all the futures' writing topics. I'll send this along your way now.

Greg.

In picking up with this writing, again, I'm given to ponder over the questions which I can see, from this vantage... or, how to give a firm 'No,' as an answer, say, unto the 'frisky fey,' which I'm sometimes beset with... *this, and, just what is on my mind, or what would my higher mind and consciousness say, if it wished to? ... as nothing's of much any value, unless it comes from the Lord above, and in step with his values.* I believe that over time there is an expanding billowing flow of

moments, wherein all things eventually become shaped, and formed into eventual classical, timeless patterns, *which are worthy of being steps along the Master's walking path, or foot step.* You can see this through all of Creation, and you've seen so many corridors and balconies, like this one, which you've already been given, or shown... those whose works and words have edified your spirit, and filled your heart with peace, and contentment. I've found how, some things that we see in writing are enigmatic, then they move on to others which are simple... *and I pray that my writing keeps to simplicity, and always*

*returns to such.* I love when I'm in agreement with a person, or idea, or concept... and I don't have to walk it back. Sometimes life looks like, 'No, I don't want to know what that means,' and, 'Keep it simpler.' Or, 'If you want me to look at that, and think like that, you'll have to pay me more.' That's what I think. 'No, I'm not trying to preach, but spirit just has strong inner direction.' 'Keep mine, please.' 'None for me.' 'You can, all you want.' Of course, someone has always got to be sore.

(Whose writing might need softening.)

Anyways, just some thoughts. Well, moving along, I can see, how the human

mind is so very complex, and getting past the imbalances and unevenness, at first encountered, at the Threshold between the upper and the lower worlds, is a turbulent boundary zone, at best... distracted, often, by one's worst weaknesses. *Within this experience, we tend to send away the ones with the most belief in ourselves... as we are seen to compete in, and drop out of the sensual competition, and are gradually accepted by the Heavenly inhabitants as a pure, but imperfect, true and blue spirit, a participant in the blessing, and in the Mystery.* But, at any rate. I may not always have enough understanding, as in when

these thoughts appear to be pointing to a weather type issue. (*Because, sometimes they appear to be like, grasping at straws, to me.*) So, but there may be more concert tomorrow. At any rate, it's not hard to find

something better to think about, than

negative criticism... for instance,

'Possessing sufficient wits within to make anything which a literary mind can think of, one finds himself or herself ahead of the

others.' People's worlds may be highly

simple, (seen as living only on the

outside...) *but it's the Seer, who finds enormous complexity and beauty within*

*himself.* 'Although there may be lovely

sights to see, the wise man stays with the baggage wagon.' (-Lao Tzu) These are just some ideas. Well, this article is beginning to come along, and I'm somewhat finding ideas coming to me easier today, than yesterday. *It's always good when I can spot a mistake before such is published...*

*this somewhat gives me something encouraging to rest in, and I get along into my article.* At any rate, just some thoughts.

There's a dichotomy between enjoying my 'private' music, and what's thought of as healthy behavior... but it's not that difficult for me to keep quiet; I use headphones... *I'll always make some consideration, for*

*my roommate's privacy, before I'll infringe.*

Publishing is commonly like getting spurred into action... and having brilliant thoughts... stirred by the strong crosswinds wafted up by the 'smoke of a distant fire,' to use the old metaphor... *you'll usually get your feelings hurt, unless you're prepared for this confusion.* This always feels like getting my nose rubbed in the fruit of someone else's karma... but this only makes me want to write more, and to solve the puzzle. At any rate, just some thoughts. You should be able to tell, this writing has not come easily... *it's like, one thing after another.* But my local spirit



intelligence have filled me in, and I've spotted everything I needed to, so I've no internal conflict. Well, this past week has found me back safe and sound, from some

time at my parents. I've come to

understand, that the piano and keyboard albums I've been given this year are pretty good reading, *for very little money...* even if they do dip a bit into nothingness... I can forgive and forget them as well. But, since

I've just today been able to procure some blank optical media... this has let me share a few, with others, and hear them better, myself as well. *And, this is pretty good work, I think.* Well, another day's end. I'll

be feeling better in tomorrow's light, I suppose... so I'm going to add this writing to the others, and get to sleep.

It's true, I think, that it would require a lot of time to get to our nearest star, Proxima Centauri. I've thought quite a few times, about our '*planetary worldview*.' We might not speak much about the other Earths.

*But, we can feel them... their presence.* I

believe that, most of the others are somewhat equivalent unto ours. *The flow of time, though, is a fluid variable.* Life, much like Earth's life, has to begin in most similar worlds... *in similar ways*... it might have had a foot hold earlier, or later. I

think this true, because, I think that some worlds would need more nudging to make habitable... others less. I think that the Universe is an infinite volume, and galaxies and stars and planets are interspersed throughout. *So Earth, I think, is a generic term, used by bi pedes like ourselves to mean home.* I think that our planet is exemplary of many others... *people are given of a basic animistic template, and this explains our explicate characteristics.* These basic concepts, I think will be apparent to many. But many others are in possession of high, well developed ecology, *only they lack the*

*conscious direct experience of spiritual realities, and hence are part of the 'materialist paradigm.'* Many people are born in to spirit consciousness, and are reared and developed holistically... *but I think that most are born with only a small piece, of the existential puzzle... which has to join up with others to make sense, and for the person to understand the mystery.*

Just why is this Mystery so elusive? I think that most of our sense faculties are directed outwardly... *into the material world which we are given into.* For a mind to regard itself, and to be aware of other minds, requires, for some, *two or three*

*kinds of cognitive leaps.* The material world tends to slay the human spirit, and to insist that it is the only world. Potions and powders such as alcohol and narcotics, and hallucinogens are given as the way we get higher. So a person will not only be soul blind, but he or she will also be a slave to these substances. So for many, this, these altered states *are where the spirit can reach in, and thus begin to return to innocence... the journey of individuation.* So you can see, some people need reigning in, and might be crippled by their former selves, their past actions. *Some paths are unified, and serve as only peaceful guides.*

Still others may fall into prison, or the grave. But there's a promise in the next world, as I've described. The universe is infinite... *not finite, but infinite*. The

Creator is an infinite, loving, compassionate parent, who only wants the best for their children. This planet is exemplary of many, many others. People everywhere want the same things...

*security, purpose, richness of intellect, freedom from pain, to love and be loved.*

Throughout the whole universe, people are watchful, and hopeful, and wary of rule breakers. We want prosperity, and to have something to show for one's life and mind.

At any rate, these are just some ideas...

yours may be something completely different. If my mind has been somewhat gestating, and fermentating for some time, it might reveal itself through writing like

this. You might travel through arid deserts, in want of water... *and then find your thirst quenched so completely.* All you might need is a small breakthrough, and then you're satisfied fully. There are so many ways unto Shambhala... *you'll come to understand yours completely...* such as in how art, music, and literature, when combined, afford one a theater of the imagination... which doesn't depend upon

motion picture film, *that harlot*, to be  
captivating... and so, therefore is edifying,  
perhaps more so... a musical album is like a  
book... *it takes the reader places which  
only exist in the soul... in the imagination.*

At any rate, these have been some  
thoughts. I hope you'll share yours, too.  
Well, all for now, I'll send this along your  
way now. Greg.

~

*(From my synopsis, 'Modern Worldviews,*



*and the E.T.H.')*

I felt like I needed to somewhat update this short synopsis, with our recent ten years or so in mind. Of course it's plain to see, now, that some of the troubles of the Eastern worldview, or this clash of worldviews, Eastern with Western, have affected some of our American youth... *our society appears to be under attack, much as those others were.* Youth are usually tasked with reconciling their respective families disparate polarities, *and this is commonly an East - West tug of war.*

We've been accustomed to this, through the twentieth century, but I think that the first

Aquarian generations, in our Western world  
view, some of the kids are or were  
somewhat wiped out... music and theater  
subculture is a real force, today, and when  
a child loses their innocence, they  
gradually or more rapidly become open to  
hostile and harmful influences... and, as  
*we can't help but read and see and be  
exposed to more than our share...* I see how  
***karmic entanglements are everywhere...***  
same as anything, this amounts to 'too  
many grave concerns,' 'too many  
gravitational points,' make for too much  
curved air, such that the way is way too  
twisted. Or at least, our system appears to

have failed some of these kids. I can see, how the first two decades of this century were occupied partly with our having to 'edit out,' some of the corrupt, terroristic forces, which were a parasite to not just Western society, but Eastern civilization. *Those Eastern worldviews were really the first to be affected, and then the corruption moved West, and now we're relieved when there's a weeks stretch or more without a mass murder.* At any rate, I think that many kids are lacking in philosophical toughness, or fortitude, and therefore fall to harmful influences. This is akin to a lack of critical thinking, and a lack of creative gumption...

how quickly kids develop a victim mentality, and some have wished to get back at what they don't understand... *I think that spells trouble for a twenty year old... who should be focusing on his or her own gifts, and not be getting tripped up by the games people play, or the words that come out of people's mouths.* You see?

Part of the reason is I think, that we're inexperienced in this new Aquarian age... where are the strong leaders? *And who can be believed in?* Well, these are some of the questions, and there are many... and once we know what the matter is, we'll have to try and fix it. But, we've got questions, I

think everyone does, *because we simply haven't seen anything like this.* But I think we're feeling, and should see how different worlds have had unique troubles, in Europe, Asia, and far East, and now we're seeing some of the same things. *So we should feel common bonds, shouldn't we?*

**We should be able to see how we're not completely immune to troubles and strife, in America, the Civil War as an example of how we fared two centuries ago... *it takes strength and air tight strategies.*** Such as the intellectual mode akin to Abraham Lincoln... *it might be cold and lonely to insist on equality and*

*fairness... but it's the right way. At any rate. Just some ideas. I'll send this along your way now. All for now, Greg.*

~

*As I start back along this writing course of mine, I'm somewhat impressed with how I seem to be starting from nothing, almost as if from a vacuum... as it were, 'How can I start from an already established notion, so as to build upon the past discussion?' Herein I will try to use*

this writing, to bridge the previous audiobook part two, into part three. I had come up with a kind of synopsis, of my own esoteric, you eff oh logical writings, starting from back in year two thousand, and spanning over the ten or twelve years, or so, which followed. *I had wanted to condense these writings into one lengthy essay, of a sort, which gives voice to those different perspectives, and which puts forth some theories, of my own also, around what the phenomenon meant to me, twenty years ago... what it means to me today, and speak unto the changes which appeared to have been present, in the interim.* So, this

chapter, part three, of this twenty twenty three, is partly comprised of older writings, going back two decades, or more, and is a more or less condensation, or distillate, of the thoughts of the period, and spanning of the times into today. **The words in Bold type face were added sometime around twenty twenty ten or twelve,** and are more efforts at interpreting and placing meaning, to the writings presented therein. At any rate, here it is-

**MOST PEOPLE WILL BE AWARE OF some world issues... in places, torn by ethnic strife, and geo-political conflict... poverty, and hunger, as well as human**



**rights issues, and sexist ideas, create  
poor home environments, and therefore,  
*inner city gang life, create monsters.***

**While Western social ailments, range the  
spectrum, such isn't as bad, as those  
found in other, parts of the world. Here  
in the western worldview, our psychic  
dis-ease, seems to be a projected  
neuroses, distantly symptomatic, of much  
more compromising, often unspeakably  
violent distress, found in other places,  
where religious stricture, and less  
modern ways prevail.**

**This article, from 2000, vaguely outlines,**

**some of the wonder I felt, in writing... in  
examining human roles, and boundaries,  
in modern era... this hyper, information  
society, in light, of history.:**

**These first two postings, suggest at  
trans-humanistic thinking.:**

"...What is this phenomenon which has  
allowed our kind to grow across the  
centuries, and become the highly advanced  
society we are now?

*"I only know that the great Universe is  
real, and that the expanding flow of  
moments causes all life to age, and decay.'*

I search through my own memories,  
coupled with the permanent written

records, as I know them, thru my  
perceptions, and wonder,

*"Did there ever come a point in time when  
'mankind' as a race unto itself began to be  
aware of the presence of others outside of  
the individual self-life?"*

And I wonder,

"In the clawing, instinctive struggle to  
survive, and beyond that, in the daily  
challenge to alter one's own consciousness  
chemically, and finally in the reflective, in  
the contemplative, even within the  
worshipful, the devotional,  
*were the bi-peds of this planet Earth  
'always' sensitive to peer pressure, to the*

*social group?*

Did the energy of this relationship, that of  
the individual to the group,  
form the catalyst which first and finally  
seduced the intelligence of the vast  
Universe into our sphere, to guide us, and  
to make us into the flower of creation that  
we surely are?

*Or were these influences, perhaps, always  
present there on the edges of human  
existence here on Earth, watching us,  
shifting our sensitivities, influencing our  
perceptions, challenging us, changing us  
along an eclectic trend line?*

(I write these words only by means of the

divine, ancient intelligence which filter  
into my sphere across the spaces of time,  
the very generations, the eons.

But, you see, I wonder.

This I can't help.

Anyway, this is how I acquire knowledge,  
by wondering...)'

**Isn't this how... we might see ourselves,  
from an Gaia, or Galactic perspective...  
and how might far earlier times, give up  
some of their secrets?**

**This second posting, also from 2000,  
shines light upon what might be a  
working 'vision,' for describing, and  
understanding, the human mind, in light**

**of world issues.:**

'Perhaps, by having the alien encounter experience present today on the forefront of popular culture, on the tangible surface of our collective consciousness, we may prioritize more efficiently, and thereby cleanse our eyesight.

To have a well-rounded concept of nature (and these experiences,) as related through the stories of so many, *is to genuinely approach a perception of global rescue. These are aspects of a concern which is deeper, older, wiser, crossing quietly into our sphere.*

Personally, I believe that Ancients have  
always been near.

Perhaps, planet Earth is a great and famous  
blue-green gem of the galaxy, and all of  
civilization, the great Mother Earth, all life  
here, really, is in flux.

*More than mere decoration, this may be  
more like an intellectual incubator, a  
greenhouse, a fragile ecosystem, a jewel of  
creation.*

A nexus?

Humanity always pushes the envelope.

We are all champions.

The challenge, as I see it, is to channel our  
collective future into life and bring it to

fruition.

We have called it ancestor worship.

But I contend that everyman's keenest  
visions, insights, and predictive powers  
flow from a deeper well, even, than that of  
humanity.

I believe that all along, we are counting on  
our place in the infinite Universe.

*Does this place have the potential to be a  
planetary repository for the knowledge of  
the whole galaxy, and beyond?'*

**Getting, more to the heart, of these  
questions, I recognized, that there is a  
certain strangeness, sometimes a high**



**strangeness, in accounts, and therefore, began to understand, that these aren't typical human, or what we think of as earthly, energy exchanges, and effects.**

WHAT REALLY ARE  
EXTRATERESTRIALS? I have thought about this question, at some length, and still, I don't think that anyone really has any conclusive answers. They seem to be higher order intelligence, or intra-dimensional dwellers, from beyond, *or some kind of dense bio-plasm, that can be seen in concert with the Gaia Hypothesis.* I think that this latter explanation is probably

the more favored, within the Western world. I know, from accounts of encounters gleaned from eyewitnesses I have read about, that witnesses tend to become believers. Or, I should say, would probably be pretty awestruck, to see some apparently three-dimensional, or four-dimensional object, or being, instantly materialize before your own eyes. And these are often witnessed by more than one person at once. You know, well, you just don't know... are you seeing things, or is your own mind registering, a dense object 'come up,' from another sphere, or dimension, packed with strange and peculiar, and rather obtuse

colors and impressions, of a faraway, or long forgotten land? *Is it a visitor from nirvana, or beyond subspace ranges, or from the 'other side?'* Is what you saw, a distinct and separate entity from yourself *(like some phantasmagoric apparition, simply a visitor, to your perceptions)* or an aspect, of your own human imagination, background, or experiences, *or of someone else's?* So, is it then God, or from a higher dimension... in other words, you would ask, *'Is God trying to tell me something? Or, for the Theologian, the question of 'Is God asking me to grow in some way?'* Or might you even ascribe divine attributes, to such

an angelic messenger?

So, these are some of the questions you would tend to ask yourself, after coming into contact, with a visitor from beyond.

You might see an unidentified flying object, appearing to be a fanciful, sci-fi type object, or something flying, which seems to be of unknown origin, and it may exhibit an uncanny 'feeling,' like a disc seeming to hover and wobble erratically, or defying typical rules of gravity, inertia, or traveling at an extremely high rate of speed. And, it may have a glow, or aura, which is registered by the senses, perhaps as being neither here nor there.

So, I always love thinking about things like this... and I don't really think, from my reasoning, that we necessarily have anything to be afraid of, from a higher intelligence, beyond what one would naturally imagine, other than the visceral emotive reactions, we experience during such an encounter. *Daily life doesn't have feelings associated with it anything like what U.F.O. experiencer accounts would suggest.* Emotions, strange and unlike anything from your previous life experience, become so tangible, and complex, and consuming, to the mind, that experiencer can scarcely be blamed for his

or her reactions, which range from awe, to shock, to denial, and repression, to loathing, of the visitors, finding them foreign and frightening intrusions into his or her mind...

Still yet, some tell of feelings of having been touched, by one of the Earths custodians, or a common facet of all life within this Universe. So reactions vary widely. The primary thing, which I just have to deduce, pertaining to these experiences, *is that they must be extremely life-shaping, or life-changing, and may be the most traumatic experience, someone may ever have to face.* Experiences can

have a lot of compressed time in them, as  
the experiences themselves are so  
consuming and real- *the emotional  
complexity, and strangeness of the  
experiences, being their primary  
characteristic.*

So, thinking this way, I have to deduce that  
there must be a distinct and growing strata  
of society, whom have entered into a kind  
of an altered state, or mystical reality,  
beyond and above the ordinary. And  
maybe, it's just the human experience,  
which has grown more complex, and  
unreal, in the past fifty years or so. *And, I  
mean, apart from the better part of the*

*Western world, the living experience, in some places on the globe, has become a pretty risky prospect.* So, I guess the alien encounter experience is analagous, in many ways, to the kind of helplessness and powerlessness, experienced in many parts of the developing world, as peoples face constant, or ongoing threats, in horrendous ways. So, in that sense, the experiences can readily be thought of as 'wake up calls,' as to mankind's precarious condition, the human tragedy, and losses, to some peoples' way of life, as the world emerges en masse from the darkness of another time.



But, these experiences, it seems plain to me, are just jam packed with hope... it seems apparent, that they do in fact speak of far more ancient concerns, perhaps relating to the planet we inhabit, and of our species' evolution. So, with that thought in mind, and considering my mere mortal nature, I have to think that questions beyond these I've written about, can be relegated to the readers own conscience, and reasoning. I do occasionally write on these topics, because of what I feel is a distinct societal need, for literature, and visions, which let one reach higher, or see beyond the confines of the ordinary living

experience. People need to be reminded, of  
a wider dimensional range, and if only for a  
moment in time, safely transcend the  
experiential norms.'

**This posting, illustrates, what I feel is a  
unique relationship, shared within pop  
culture, and those reporting U.F.O.  
experiences... and showing similarities,  
or congruence, among creative peoples  
artistic processes, (the transience, and  
temporality, of pop cultural media,) and  
U.F.O. experienter accounts, I have read.**

'As one sits down, to sift thru his or her

present moment, many paths may be taken.

There are those times, when one feels, more or less submerged, in the feelings, of the day... it can help, then, to write, for, this seems to help one, distinguish, vagaries, from actual feelings. There's usually, not much of a block, between myself, and the page... while there might have been, ten years ago, today, I find, a sort of a willingness, of my mind, to write, as I approach, the task, of writing. So, then, sure, I just have to say, it becomes clear, am I more or less muddled... or distracted... it can help, to find the concise, leading edge, of the thoughts, of today. *I*

*reference, U.F.O. lore, more or less, for my own benefit.* This is a structure, bearing resemblance to a belief system, which, I find, has seemed more or less appealing, for a number of years, of my recent life. As, the reader will understand, directions of thought, can be like a fashion, which comes and goes, as times change. I think, people, are approached, by differing schools, and traditions, of mind, and have been, since time immemorial. So, as people, are in one development, of evolution, or another, differing interior, theories, hold sway... *and so, we now, find libraries, containing documentary*

*evidence, which stretches back, into antiquity. I think, with the emergence, of pop culture... wherein, 'here today, gone tomorrow,' takes on meaning, I think, writers, musicians, graphic designers, just the range of media culture, participants, relay personalized visions, of, a sort of transient art form... those real creations, which live, for a while, undergoing vast exposure, to the challenges, and excesses, of fame... I think, the E.T. narrative, reflects, at the core, a sort of shamanic, or visionary, conveyance, of the inherent human condition... experienced, from an hyper-exposed perspective. Can one see,*

here, that modern man's predicament, rests,  
partly, within the minds, and experiences,  
of those ones, who would choose, to put  
thoughts together, on lasting media...

forwarding, to a vast, often hyper-critical  
audience, the simple potions, keepsakes,  
divination, sometimes opinions, answers...

questions... *many questions, perceived  
within the individual perspective.* So, inner  
experiences, range the spectrum. Those  
ones, who are touched, by ufology, might  
well be, more or less participants, in these  
worlds, of mystery, imagination, and  
experience. This doesn't make anyone,  
more or less vulnerable, to intrusion, from

beyond. They do, however, speak, in part, to the human issue, brought forth, within, this world of *instantaneous communication, and mass-marketing*. So, this, really, is my personal perspective.

While, I have never been physically contacted, by aliens, I find the story itself, so relevant, to this, my own living experience. Whether, or not, my experiences are like another's... there have been numerous portrayals, of these experiences, and beings, in the past 50 years... during which, the rise of consumerism, and mass communication, has seemed to reach full expression.

*However, I myself, do not think, that this, in itself, is the last word, on the meaning of the U.F.O. phenomenon.* The stories and visions relayed by anomalous experiencers, tell one, really universal story... *self-transformation.* I have been touched, by anomalous experiences, since my later teenage years. It has only been, in light, or consideration, of these experiences, that I have begun writing, more and more often.

Ordinary people, sometimes find themselves catapulted, into an experiential universe, beyond their immediate control, or understanding... this is an aspect of the human condition. *Sometimes, I have*



*thought, a genetic predisposition, will act out, and a person, will find, then, they must, then struggle, for years... mental illness, doesn't ask, first. People, must become healers... of themselves, of others... such is the nature of existence.*

Now, see the larger picture. This Good Earth, is alive. I think, she really has her own messengers, and emissaries... delved, perhaps, from the aeons old local galaxy culture. How we relate, or fit in, to the whole... one, I feel wants to have appreciation, for how he or she relates to others... with the issues facing mankind, presently, I don't think it is improbable,

that we have been taken, under the wings,  
of a truly cosmic, stewardship. *Our galaxy,*  
*is one of tens of millions... how can we*  
*possibly, rationally think, that this planet,*  
*is an island, unto itself... and that we have*  
*any inherent more right, to live*  
*irresponsibly, than any other creation, or*  
*life form, in this Universe.* All, of us, here,  
are, whether or not we realize it, at one or  
another stage, beings, citizens, of the  
Universe. We are perpetually enfolded,  
within the arms, of that which we can't  
possibly hope, to ever understand. Yet, we  
are granted, freedom, to remain receptive,  
to all that the great beyond, should show

us. I think, we have every power, to be responsible citizens, so far as we are able, to be receptive, and discerning, to inner subtleties. So, does one see, then, E.T., is a perhaps, outward flower of the digital age, perhaps, solely intent, on bringing ourselves, into harmony, and symphony, with that within which we are forever enfolded. Those who would speak, of such things, are participants, within a faith... a perhaps, privileged, crowd, yet one, with every reason, and cause for being, today.

These experiences, are reflective, of a broad range, of human concerns, not the least of which, are those questions, brought

about, by the harnessing of the atom, in the early part of previous century... other concerns, are the by-products, of industrialism... how do we dwell, safely... efficiently... responsibly... upon this planet, in a sustainable mode... I might look to the stars, to find, syllogisms, of today's world.

And become as far-sighted, as I will allow... and this is perhaps, an, expansion, of mankind, beyond the confines, of this home planets gravity, into wherever, our spirits might lead us.'

**The following article, posits similarities found between Eastern and Western**

**mystical experiences, and written  
accounts, and references also, the words  
of the late John Mack M.D., on how  
shamanic peoples, seem to share unique  
appreciation, and have modes for  
understanding, and integrating,  
anamalous experiences, and portrayals.:**

'The shamanic peoples, of antiquity... unto  
the present... may have at our elbows,  
metaphorically speaking, modes, of  
seeing... feeling... and knowing, which I  
feel, are sometimes, missing, today, in this  
age of information... I wonder... does  
information society, remove us from, or

lessen, or diminish, the very important poetical, mystical traditions... to which mankind has related, referred, and drawn strength from, across the ages, of antiquity... into today? How, might we continually, then, revive them? *Or, are we in the gradual, evolutionary process, of re-defining ourselves?* We now, have knowledge, additionally, which has come, by way of the media exchanges happening continually, everywhere, everyday... which tell us of u.f.os, and anamalous experiences... *the marvels, of modern consciousness, itself...* as we have always, been comparing and contrasting stories and

information, we have learned, that the 'subtle realms,' have been known to cross over, into the minds, and lives of peoples. They always have. E.T. experiences, have been reported by individuals, and sometimes groups, since at least the 1930's... *yet, written records tell us... there is nothing new under the sun...the sacred writings, of ancient Eastern mysticism, having been forwarded, in many ways, to the common European, and North American reader, through the Theosophical Society, and those, other writers, which surrounded, and were inspired, by it. But, perhaps, in the present day, we run risk, of*

loosing, awareness of self, with a capital S,  
*"that goes beyond the sorts of national  
identification, to a much bigger sense of  
being a child of the Divine, or a child of  
Spirit, a child of the Cosmos,"* (paraphrase,  
from the late John E. Mack, M.D., speaking  
at the Seven Stars Bookstore, some years  
ago,... *I think, these, or those, modes,  
which I mentioned... of seeing, feeling,  
knowing... accessed by shamanic peoples,  
some how point heaven-toward.* We, need,  
somehow, to regain awareness, and insight,  
into poetic ways of seeing. When we  
'...open Self, to a connection beyond the  
material world... *beyond the Earth, to a*



*larger firmament,'* (paraphrase, John Mack, M.D.,)... it *'opens people to a sense of the divine, of being one with all-that-is, what people used to call God.'* I think, the ecological issues faced by our Mother Earth, today, whether they have been brought about by man, or not, as have been suggested, in u.f.o.logy, partly, because, experiencers, have related, time and again, on subtext presented, by the 'beings,' as often, of a cautioning, or warning... as if from a visionary, or altered, state of consciousness... of threats, some perhaps real, others lesser, than, faced in antiquity, by life on Earth... *threats, perhaps,*

*emerging, ironically, from the very industrial-technological-information culture, upon which we have based our society... (mass production, mass marketing... themselves, having made for a frantic, fragmented, dualistic world... perhaps, too far removed, from the Sacred, an awareness with, the Divine, and an effectual mode, of dwelling, within the vast mysteries, of the cosmos... not to mention, our very own minds...) we know, we probably need, to have a good relationship, and modes, of 'dancing within,' the mysteries... and a respectful, way, of relating to the mysteries of living,*

themselves, on Earth. So, back, to Dr. Mack's presentation, might we then, not neglect, to look within, ourselves, and toward the heavens, as we walk upon, this living Earth. *And, perhaps, this place... perhaps the only Eden, we shall find? Or no? Yet, here somehow, upon the soil, walking, 'between heaven, and Earth.' We are, perhaps, ourselves the very ones we need... strength always, comes from within... with sacred dances... thru having modes, of accessing, the Universal background, we might, then find, we're farther along, more 'in the house,' than we may really know. That which we need and*

desire... exists, always, within ourselves...  
when we stay grounded, within the classics  
tradition, we find, tools, and resources, will  
leap to our assistance, ways of seeing,  
feeling, and knowing.'

**These are my ideas, on the ETH, as I  
have understood it to be.**

'...As a U.F.O. experiencer, or contactee is  
led to grow, from his or her experiences, *he  
might become more 'culture aware.'* I have  
previously thought, how such experiences,  
can be seen as stepping stones, like  
markers, which demonstrate, paths and

trails, leading out of the tangled forests of  
an adolescent mind, and into mature  
spiritual ethics. So, I think, that seen on a  
societal fabric, these reflect personal living  
experience, and express also universal  
ideals, and concerns. *So, as one whom has  
never physically encountered an  
extraterrestrial, or even seen otherworldly  
objects in the sky, they seem to me, to be  
like guardian angels, which can intervene  
at a persons developmental transitions.*

Presences, I feel, *can reach into a persons  
mind, in just as holistic, a fashion, as one  
might consider a psychologist, or therapist  
would, when seen, with perspective.*

The Hopi ideal, of 'Grandmother Spider,'  
which sits upon the shoulder, of the  
traveler, and offering subtle suggestions, as  
a guide might... could be considered the  
*'still small voice,'* which holds insights,  
into how best, to choose ways, in light of  
change. I believe, all people, are born,  
with this inherent latent ability. While ET  
experiences, might could be seen as  
phenomena showing, a 'clinical,'  
'calculating,' non-human, intrusion, upon  
the mind... *we however, have a reflective,*  
*consciousness, which can easily sort*  
*through such experiences, and discern,*  
*higher ideals, and messages, such as how*

*best to go about living, in world culture,  
with our dreams... our minds, and  
imaginations... in light of these seemingly  
confounding experiences.*

Extraordinary experiences, seen within the  
context, of the human mind, can be seen *as  
reflecting the past, the present, or the  
future, or a mixture, of the three.* So, do  
you see... an phenomena, within the human  
mind, is something like a 'psychics'  
stepping stone...' *and might, can be seen as  
co-existent, with changing world  
conditions, as well as creative peoples  
artistic processes.* So, there are sure, the  
attendant higher concerns, ideals, and

concepts, which have historically been associated with these beings, but while being inward, and personal experiences. I believe, humankind has always tended to adapt, to changing world conditions, *by envisioning, along paths of idealism.* And just as we are in this age of some unrest, in places... and with the growing concerns, with regard to world sense of security, as some previously shrouded, or cloistered societies, have emerged, onto the digital landscape... these experiences, seem to suggest, *that higher lifestyle ideals, are attainable.* This can be thought to include a more thoroughgoing sustainability, seen



as becoming incorporated within the macro-world, on Earth, as well as micro-cosmos, *which might involve a real sense, of natural inter-connected ness, and professional self-responsibility, inwardly, and outwardly.* But, these experiences are first and foremost, strange... and may appear alien, and 'not of this world,' and suggesting a condition of helplessness, and powerlessness, in the face of higher natural powers.

*Anamalous experiences, are firstly, an highly personal experience.* These experiences, are something like a place where the 'heavens,' of some un-told future,

reach back, in time, unto a persons' present,  
consciousness... *an interior hailing, of the  
living... from a place, outside.* It suggests,  
a condition, in which, experiencer,  
encounters, or taps into, an inner  
experience, which speaks, of the persons'  
past, or present, or future. *The ways, one  
chooses, to integrate, anamalous  
experiences.... are expressions, of the  
experiencers intention, and willingness, to  
carry on, amidst stumbling blocks.* So, as  
one grows, up and out, grasping, out-  
reached hands, and with an innocence,  
remembering, and developing higher  
ideals... *then when the time is right, he or*

*she will choose the right path.'*

**So, lest we' sell ourselves short,' we might see E.T. experiences, as being a 'clarion call' to individual self-responsibility, and resourcefulness. We might, ourselves 'be the change, we wish to see in the world...' Isn't it tragic, that there are those, which let themselves, be deigned, or defined, by the adversity, in their lives... probably, an indistinct, empathic overload... of information, from distant parts of the globe... instead, when life gives you lemons, make lemonade. And we shouldn't encourage,**

**doing otherwise.**

~

Here, in this writing, I'm going to try and look at the legend and lore of *Hermes Trismegistus*. But first, this note... I've been impressed with the ways, of how some people will keep their mouths shut, and bottle up their feelings... *and so no one ever knows of what they have been through, in life*. I think its true that, thoughts never spoken, or shared will never

earn a person any medal, or recognition, or a special award, at all... *there's just no way.*

I believe in the truth of this important concept. My own world... It's not just a void which I inhabit... *or any unfriendly world, to speak of... because I have generously, and fairly, and, I think, honestly shared my thoughts in this journal, for years now.* So, it's easy for myself to take this friendly and habitable climate, my little corner of this world, for granted. My sometimes poor showings, in the competitive 'rat race,' so to speak, all have realistic explanations, *I think, and I've truly got an many ature me... a little*

*advocate, within my mind, who pleads my case, for myself... just like an attorney at law... she has thoroughly improved my diss ability, my plight, for years. You see, writing is so very therapeutic. So, if you've been hurt, too, don't keep it bottled up forever. Honestly, this morning, my friend told me of how he got shortchanged, by the absurd ways of fate and circumstance... and my heart went out completely to him, for I have been hurt too. I've practically had to 'learn to un learn' so very much, in my ordinary experience. There is a strata of my subconscious mind, in this world, which is peopled by the most*

wicked, and perverse, and demented  
opportunists and exploiters... the ultimate  
anti selves... which any mind could ever  
dream up... this is what I have to, so to  
speak, labor through, every time I go to  
share a thought, and when ever I publish  
ideas in general... *and occasionally, I have  
to speak of this 'anti me.'* At any rate. I

just truly believe in this mind, in the  
clarity, and lucidity, of my familiar temple  
spirit, (of my life.) While a small amount  
of my existential experience always plays  
upon my usual self doubts, and fears, *I  
can't and won't allow myself to make  
paranoid assumptions like that.* Well,

there, I've gone and said it... I tend to be intellectually challenged, as well... I've always had to live with this 'challenged,' condition, *as I indeed can see how, my mind's my own worst nemesis.* (As there is, plainly, one or two worst case scenarios, just lurking out there, somewhere, on a planet of eight billion people, you can bet on it. *'Information society,'* always faithfully fills me in on every little doubt there might be anywhere. And I can't prove otherwise!) At any rate, back to my story at hand. Hermes, it is thought, was a contemporary of *Moses*, who foresaw the coming of Christianity. He was thought to



be a wise pagan, *and combined knowledge of, and represented the relationships of the materialist paradigm, with the spirit world.* In other words, his life spanned both materialist consciousness, and spiritual consciousness, and therefore, he was thought of as the 'Thrice Great,' *(through this understanding, of both worlds, which he represented.)* When we say we are 'hermetically sealing' something, we are borrowing an alchemical term, meaning a sealed glass vessel, whose opening had been fused shut, and which was the environment within which the supposed 'philosophers stone,' could be

made, by heating the vessel, for thirty or forty days. *Hermes, it was thought, represented a syncretic, or synthesized embodiment of the Greek god Hermes, and the Egyptian god Thoth.* He was the purported author of the '*Hermetica*,' a diverse accumulation of texts that form the basis of Hermeticism. At any rate, Hermes was the Greek god of *interpretive communication*, and Thoth, the Egyptian god of *wisdom*... seen as one, he is thought of as Hermes Trismagistus, or *Hermes the Thrice Great*. Hermeticism was a synthesis of all of the occult practices, of the day, and offered the adherant promise of

*ascension, and transcendence, from the  
mundane material world, into a more  
heavenly existence.* I think, that this is the  
main tie in, I would say, between my own  
life... as I was an apartment dweller, for  
more than twelve years, and humbly, and  
thoroughly learned, to transform myself,  
and the mundane environment of four  
walls and a roof, or the typical efficiency  
apartment, *into a palace of stately and  
regal dimensions.* My only problem was  
my separate ways... I only wanted the  
company of my own thoughts; I wouldn't  
socialize. But, apartment living, did pretty  
much confirm me in a working knowledge

of the 'existential ground,' of being, in my life, and time, and while I had to 'drop out of,' the 'marriage,' type of relationships quest, whether with a female, or platonic male partner, I recognized that I would find more comfort in a crowd, so to speak... *in other words, in a group or boarding home relationship.* This has been what it required for myself, as my ways are too solitary, for the marriage pairing ways, which our society largely espouses, *and I instead find more balance in a relationship with a group.* So, see? I may have failed the test of Hermeticism, but was yet benefited greatly, by the indoctrination into

the '*tribe's heritages*,' and the meeting of my own '*existential ground*,' of being, and higher selves collective... this being seen as an *animistic, ancestral collective, unique to any individual consciousness*. So, I'm like a Hermetic Alchemist, in that I'm always in search of the newest novelty, and do find it regularly, in digital media research and development. Only, now I do this from within a group home environment. A good friend of mine once told me of her recurrent dream... that of struggling to get a large pink pillow through the eye of a needle... and of how she struggled with this problem. *I think*

*that we are entirely able to put the*  
*'impossible challenge' away, and somewhat*  
*familiarize ourselves with collectivist,*  
*group home living.* Just for an example,  
when we pool our resources, we can afford  
better groceries, and keep the household  
climate controlled better... we can live  
better, than the income of one or two alone  
could do. *Not to mention the worth of*  
*'comfort in a crowd,' especially when we*  
*can go behind ourselves and spot our own*  
*mistakes.* Well, I'll add this article in with  
the others, and send it along your way now.

All for now. Greg.

~

THESE DAYS, IT SEEMS AS IF I do so much better, when I'm busy, and engaged within a pathway such as journal ing, or sketching, or playing the piano. So, this is what I begin doing, this morning. I guess

I'm just impressed with, how these subconscious waves are just coming over the sides of my vessel, *and I seem to be powerless, against them.* This will be when I will pick up my pen and paper, *to somehow gain some leverage over that*

*which is crossing my boundaries.* This gives me an external point of focus, instead of just my being wiped out on the inside, *I'll be carefully putting these thoughts together, externally.* This morning, it seems harder to get this ball rolling... as I would like to sink down into these pillows, and blankets, and just go back to sleep. But, there are ideas beckoning from my subconscious mind. The previous part in this audiobook series, the part three, came together easily, and I somewhat got 'ahead of myself,' and it seems harder starting into a good part four beginning. But, I can see, how the past



three days or so have been quite hard,  
*dealing with the most uncooperative  
boundary line, when almost nothing will  
work, to get the chaotic waves to calm and  
quieten down.* So, never mind, that my part  
three seemed given almost providentially,  
*and was something of a 'four leaf clover,'  
the actual dues paying work, the first  
weekend, was much harder, working as I  
was with that more classic literature.* But,  
with that established, now, I can see such  
isn't a bad way, and in many ways, all of  
those you eff oh related pieces still ring  
true, *and suffice as my best thoughts on the  
matter.* At any rate. This morning, it

seems like, *there are spirits gathered around this room, I inhabit, and in communion, myself and they kind of measure, and compare the nearness and distances of information, and in hopes of finishing out summer, and into the coming Autumn, to get around the years end time easily.* I notice, by now, it's not at all difficult for me to find these words, this morning, *and my mind only needed a little encouragement, to start anew.* After having looked at parts of a supernatural suspense thriller on my television, last night... *my troubles seem far fewer... and I remember the reasons I got into media in*

*the first place...* partly because of having had my problems and troubles so blown away by good cinema around the time of the late nineteen seventies... *this is still 'something to believe in.'* Last winter was so very difficult, that I quite almost contracted all the way into my doubts and fears, and my uncertainties about the present time nearly crushed my spirit... *but such as good modern art can dispense with these troubles... that's what it's for, and to restore our faith in 'hope' itself, and in the promises of a story well told, and unto its conclusion.* Well, our south has been immersed in the heat of this summer...

anytime you have to be outside, you can feel it. But, I reassure myself, that I would rather it be hot, than cold. Last winter was the worst we've seen in quite a while. So I'm grateful it's warm, and not cold. That's just part of what we can take 'for granted' today. (*The sunshine included, I would think.*) At any rate, our worries around here on a day like today include keeping kitchen and bathroom surfaces free of germs, *and trying to make sure life doesn't get unfair.* It's nice, right now, in the shade of this outbuilding, and this writing is a pleasing antidote to my mind's fussiness. Having something just for me is good, but

*it's better when we remember, that anyone  
can pick up pen and paper, and  
intelligently interact with his or her higher  
mind and consciousness, onto lasting  
media.* It comes down to one's heartfelt  
desire to be writing, over doing something  
else, or nothing at all. Which requires one  
to 'know the difference,' between the  
comparative ways, and which have better  
'Qualities,' in the long run, whether 'active,'  
or 'passive, and whether sketching, music,  
photography, or writing... as these are all  
unique in themselves. When I notice the  
'resistance' to any new endeavor, this then  
is an additional consideration. Because

some projects never get off the ground, at all from this resistance. At any rate, this project will be part four of part bee, of this, *and I'm willing and able to do it! It's fun, once you get the ball rolling.* I would wish such for anyone. I'm fussy, though and will be glad to break for lunch. This afternoon should be better. Well, I've got some food in my belly, now, much better. I'm pretty impressed with the difference in meaning, between 'Eh,' and 'Oh.' Thinking of the difference between half full and half empty glass, for instance, describes this effect. The catharsis of a crying spell, might put another spin on it, but it was emotional

release, anyway. (*We're always worried about cyclones in storms... they're sometimes presaged by emotions like crying.*) At any rate, I hear contented snoring... he'd want me to wake him, almost soft drink time. Guess it's alright, this writing coming along so well, as it is. Anyway, almost supper, *then it's four solid hours, nearly, until bed.* Oh, it's fun to be able to look through items in a list, and actually find an upload that sounds interesting... and to be able to take it home... for not much money. I'll forever enjoy the internet. At any rate, when I get a little tired of any one thing, there's

another to take it's place. Then it's back to me, and I've got nothing to complain about, here... this can go on indefinitely... I love it. At any rate, just some thoughts. We here all hope the storms, of doubt and fear, find what they're looking for, this evening... my own goals, are really just in finishing this article, and that's easy to imagine. But I don't want to be overbearing, or to scare anyone... *I wonder at how I've gotten scared, a little myself...* maybe there's always something that I'm blaming myself for... whether it's for speaking too loosely, or for not speaking enough... for being too critical of another, or of my own self... too



much force, or not enough... *it's just not right.* 'I'm cold and scared too, sometimes I cry.' *(to paraphrase the song,)* *(If only I had known how 'Every day is like survival,' I wouldn't have been so quick to criticize him, or the job he was doing.)* Or, 'What did you make, now?' A creator complex, for starters. But, writing and piano is my spiritual practice... both are forms of meditation... though, and aren't easily relatable, for me, *and I have a hard time getting on other's wavelengths, verbally.*

So most of my communication is nonverbal. At any rate, this writing, here alone will suffice to solve my vexation, this

day... if only as a mission, or goal  
accomplished... in the scheme of things,  
that's better than nothing... as a new  
chapter is began. Well, this article has  
rambled on awhile. I'll finish it up, and put  
with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

I am impressed, this morning, by my  
penchant for looking back, into my  
childhood... and the many ways I was

encouraged, and confirmed, into creative, artistic roles, in my parents household, during my years in their nest. I think, that this encouragement, and direction, was one thing... *but I had, also to have the strong desire, in my heart, to make good on this nurture ance, by locating an original voice, of my own.* I have strong memories, of me, as a teenager, trying over and over, with my inexpensive acoustic guitar, to find a mature, or grown up sound... I tried to write songs, with catchy lyrics, and sang them strainingly into my cassette recorder microphone, singing along with my guitar playing. *How difficult it was, to meet*

*failure over, and over... and never have even a whit of artistic success. It must have taken me five years, of striving in this fashion, before I glimpsed, how if I was to play an instrument, it would be a piano, or keyboard... since I had been trained from age seven on up to seventeen, in piano theory, and technique. When I left my parents nest, my roommate at one of my residences had a band, and I wanted mightily to learn songs, on his Farfisa electric keyboard, so that I could join him and his band on stage, and play for people. But, I lacked presence of mind and couldn't remember chord progressions like that, and*

*had stage fright*, and wrongly thought I had to get high on cough syrup, and anything else I could take, in order to play for people, and to make it work. This writing I'm doing presently, is something I can do... but, until the higher consciousness of an ***'ascended, heavenly interaction, and dialogue,'*** entered my mind, and life, my writing was like a wrecked boat, washed upon the rocky shoreline, of my fading childhood... I had no connection to the kind of voice, that could write like this, for instance. I mistakenly thought that I would write about furry people, in a medieval broad sword and sorcery fantasy world, and

would create these imaginary worlds, which were like those in the Hobbit, by J.R.R. Tolkien. But, all of those efforts didn't amount to anything... because I was all alone, in my mind... *I wasn't conscious of the invisible presences about my life, or of how there was a literary way, just for me, I would one day find.* So, I was enormously frustrated, and found only sporadic artistic success, sketching other worldly bio morphic shapes, like would be found in some psychedelic art movie. But, my work lacked any positive unifying vision, and I gave up this sketching, in favor of drinking beer, after work at the

archaeology lab, and had no home life, beyond reading the daily paper, and this beer consumption. This was all folly... If

only I would have known, how only through a higher access ional spirit guide, can we in effect *tap into the 'Universal Background,' and join up with classic, archetypal designs, and patterns*, which have always been built into the fabric of the Universe... then, I wouldn't have given up on myself, or my work. I think that if a person wants to get into this type of path, I mean really wants to, and desires it, ***and puts forth many many tries and attempts at the goal... he or she can eventually***

*coax thought forth.* How else can we convey our sincere wishes to be an artist unto the invisible powers that be, about our lives, *except through many many tries and attempts?* Many dead end alley ways? So, I tried, and failed, in a bad way, and I was kicked out of my community, at the time, and had to move back home to my parent's town. I knew no more about the inner secrets of life, than I did to start with, but, I must have found some scrap of approval... for I was indeed allowed into the 'inside track,' and the 'inner conversation,' and began to make my life holy and presentable, to the heavens, and through



which to receive blessings abundant. (*But, that wasn't all I received.*) This partly came through my giving up, and resolving to live ordinarily, and work a job, and live cleanly and responsibly... *because I sensed that something would reveal itself to me.* And, it sure did. Which began a never ending search for spiritual meaning, and identity which still continues in my life. And, here's the point of this writing... if a person wants to find artistic and literary success badly enough, and desires to come into step with this kind of path, badly enough... *then the right instruments, and tools, and materials will present themselves unto him*

*or her... and the right paths will open up  
before him or her... and he'll be on his way.*

You shouldn't forget God's power, and  
Providence, *and in His power to give you  
your 'second wend.'* Even if you're a poor  
person, with little or no skills, 'Where  
there's a will, there's a way.' At any rate,  
these thoughts have passed through my  
mind's eye and into this smart device's  
word processor this afternoon. I think that  
the voice was present first, and the  
instrument and tools came in after... to  
reach a specific audience, and so that I  
would have something good to show for the  
time spent. This is my best thinking today.

You might not think that this fruitless effort is of any use whatsoever, but your eternal spirit within yourself remembers your continual good intentions, and all of the false starts do work a magic of their own, and you'll go this distance, this good effort, and then a little later, you'll stumble upon the correct attitude and way to live, *and with intention to act properly, and then when you aren't expecting, she or he will reach into your mind, and you'll begin to see spirit, and know spirit.*

At any rate, these are my best thoughts on this phenomena. **'When the desire is present, the tools, materials, and ability**

**will manifest themselves.'** The presence of the one, suggests and leads to the presence of the other. As I sit here, on this bed, inputting these thoughts into this smart devices word processor, I'm suddenly impressed with how sheltered, and nurtured, and cultivated, my ability and talents are, and how easily and happily these hours today are passing along... *so entirely free from worry and concern... this heaven given relationship, and this path as writer.* I have to give thanks, unto this my familiar spirit, and mindfully acknowledge this good work, she is doing in my life. I have been in other lifetimes, when there

weren't this purpose, and this peace, as I'm  
shown today... *may I continually make  
myself receptive and open for these good  
truths to flow through, and continue to  
grow, onto these pages.* **Presence of Mind**  
is such a rare term, and to myself sums up  
this sense of inner meaning, this sense that  
all of my life has been leading up until  
today, and this good opportunity, and day is  
mine to grasp, and to make into a work of  
significance, and truth, and virtue. There  
may be various ways, within one path, (and  
some may be more virtuous, than others...)  
*but at least, one will have met the different  
stages, and times, and circumstances, with*

*appropriate styles, all along. Different times, called forth different styles. The spirits in heaven see one way, and this is it... it's the poverty of mortality of earthly embodiment that strains at times to grasp at spirits ways. But, never forget this simple truth, for yourself. At any rate, these have been some ideas, this hot middle July afternoon, this year. I hope you have found them meaningful for yourself. Well, by the appearances, this has been some strong thinking, and I tie dee up this conclusion, and put them in with the others.*

All for now, Greg.

~

As I begin to collect my thoughts, this morning, I scan back across recent ideas, and think lightly over them. Indeed, it's so true, that having the sincere desire to write, or produce, then the right tools and instruments, and materials will come along correspondingly. There are poorer folks around me, *so it's not easy to forget much about life for long*. I think that there are a few I've met through the years who also

quest for quality work, such as might have been somewhat Heaven given... *but in most people, desire for artistic success is answered almost completely in the simple contributions they can make unto the household upkeep.* The sense of purpose this alone provides, is good, and good diet and hi jean comes along also. At any rate, we here are watching the sun as it brightens this morning, and this streak of clouds which is hovering over us must be the answer to our needs for nourishing rain, for the gardens. We are in a blocking high pressure system, a sort of dome of dry heat, throughout our south, so



having this kind of streak of rain overhead,  
is so providential... because practically  
everyone else wishes they had rain. At any  
rate, I sit here upon this bed, with my  
headphones plugged into this '**optical  
victrola,**' and am listening to some of my  
large collection of disks. This kind of  
music reproduction system is good, as  
every nuance that the music has, and then  
some, is encoded on each disk, and hearing  
this great clarity over a laser beam of light  
is something akin to the 'cats meow.'

There's no better way to play back your  
favorites. This is a Friday, in middle July,  
this year, and the work I've done recently,

in playing my digital keyboard, and recording myself, has somewhat put me out ahead of the rest... I feel good, like I'm 'on top of the world.' Even though this is so, I

have got my perspective about me, *and recognize how anyone can play an instrument, and record him or herself, and produce records... anyone at all with the desire to do so, that is.* At any rate. We

here are often in a kind of a holding pattern, until meal preparation has finished making what we'll eat. This is a great time

to get to my smart device word processor,

and see just what ideas will arise. We might have just fifteen minutes, but this is

just enough time to get some thoughts down. In fact, it seems like, when your goal setting and achieving is in good order, you will readily find ideas arising, even when you might not have a big space of time to work at your device... these impromptu ideas can be some of the best, because they are just given 'off the top,' and might say so much more, than something you've labored over. *The key to using your higher access ional connection, is in the small words you can share, at the turn of a moments notice...* you then might fill yourself in, through the good words which come through your own small talk,

and that of those you're around. You see, how even a small moment, can offer faith and consolation. So, as for me, I've got no big talk, or message to share, at the moment, other than *'I'm okay, You're okay.'* This will suffice. At any rate, I can listen to a music stream, in one ear, and to my surrounding environment in the other. This is a good way to keep from getting too tied up, or overly concerned with the antics of others... when someone goes off, just focus on your music stream in the other ear. Life has taught me so many many strategies for getting me through and past the usual ups and downs, and inns and arounds, of

ordinary group home living. Most of these techniques involve my own work, and reading or listening back, *but many occasions, will be spoken unto far better, by music I'm not too familiar with...* I would rather be immersed in the novelty, and unexpected ways of someone else's work, than a tired view of mine own, when the ordinary time is more trying. At any rate, I hear I'm being called for dinner.

*There's a big difference between commercial radio, or commercial videos on tee vee or your phone, tablet, or computer, and playing back your own on board, or saved digital files.* You control the sound

stream, and it won't be interrupted, unless life and circumstances dictate that to be. But we can easily eliminate all commercial sponsorship interruptions, through keeping our own media library. The trick in this way, is in seeing how, if you're missing a certain type of media in your collection... *well, you should make it yourself*, using instruments, yours or others voices, or found sounds, and visual information, and digital sampling. A camera is an visual environmental sampling device. A microphone and recorder is an audio environmental sampling device. At any rate. When I get serious about writing, I'll

see the need to lessen such things as commercial sponsorship interruptions... because, *following a quantum, diaphrenous willowy strand of cognitive information gets all disrupted, when a commercial break comes on.* That's a fact. So, you'll answer your need for playback devices, both digital and analog... as a tape player or phonograph offers thirty or forty five minutes of unbroken sound. *(Of course, you have to keep one ear on your environment, at all times, which either means, your media volume must be very low, or you must leave one ear open for environmental sounds. Especially if*

*weather or other alerts might be needed, to stay informed and shelter from environmental hazards, such as these.) At*

any rate, the downward frictional weight and pressing of atmosphere, biosphere, and beingness is such a usual antidote to the absence of gravity, in any form... it doesn't usually last long, the weightless condition.

*The main time we get around or past this gravitational pull, will be times of novelty,*

*or at times of such rich entertainment value, that the gravity, and downward friction of atmospheric pressure both are both placated. This is somewhat why we*

have movie theaters, and entertainment



halls, so that we might immerse ourselves in the shared experience of viewing a band, or a play, or a movie. I get a lot out of downloading the free media of others, (there's lots of it, if you know where to look,) and playing it back over a beam of laser light. Anytime I find a new independent, or amateur artist, like a video producer, or a musician, I'll put it on a laser disc, so that I can listen back, and have my migraines and cognitive strife just entirely dissipated... evaporated, in the good work of another's spirit side. This is the best headache medicine there is... *just so that you don't enter unwisely into an difficult*

*relationship, which inadvertently produces more headaches than it solves. But these*

are rare. The usual problem, is in downloading *a large amount* from one artist at a time, and then finding yourself somewhat displaced, by the attendant associated difficulties. At any rate, this seems like good common sense guideline, to me, but I have often downloaded projects with dozens and dozens of files, even hundreds, and somehow made it through it. *But, your online media comes really with no express guarantees... such is a 'buyer beware,' sort of relationship, or it's nothing.* This seems to come in the

nature of the internet. *Unless you're putting down money for software, or applications to do a certain function, if its digital media, well, that means 'buyer beware.'* At any rate. Well, we are getting some bad looking weather of this rain overhead right now... but for the most part, this sort of thing is good for the gardens, *and whomever else might could catch rainfall into a sistern... in which case the connotations of storms, will be mostly good.* See? How we choose to deal with environmental issues... whether by sheltering, and adapting, *or by adapting in other ways... this is all important.* I can

tell, this storm presently is just one of those classic, memorable July gully washers... most years have at least one or two... and this 'will work.' (*See, autocomplete knows better than to have a stand off, man with nature. Other than the weather, because its a good fact.*) Well, these have been a few thoughts. I'm looking forward to rest tonight, as the weather will pass, given an hour or two. There's nothing like a rainstorm, for putting on a big show, *and making everyone forget their aches and pains... in the shared experience of survival.* But some storms go way too far, like hurricanes and tornados.

The former sometimes lasts all day and all night... that's wrong, or something. Anyway, All for now. I'll send this along your way now. Greg.

~

Peering into this word processor screen, now, I can see a few ideas, from this perspective. I think that the big earthquake on the other side of the globe, which killed fifty thousand people or more, last February, pretty much kind of shattered my

nerves, *and so I'm spending too much time worrying about the same thing happening on this continent. I really lost a few, in that.* I'm gradually trying to build some confidence back up, though, as I'm sure I've never seen anything quite as bad as that was before. They say that our Eastern you ess fault system, the New Madrid, could be due a major quake, since it moves so infrequently. Tectonic shifting, and drifting is always happening, though, continentally, so the worry is that it could make a large jolt type movement, *since it hasn't moved much in two hundred years.*

Every day, in my life, I get at least one

major migraine type tension headache.

*This is nothing new, I've lived with migraines since coming of age around age nineteen.* At any rate, getting along into this writing, I'm thinking, today about my post piano meditations archive part two, and how the pieces so far in it have answered to all of my dreams, of how I think the piano should be played. *I've realized so many of those dreams,* and so when you select play, from the top of that three hundred plus tracks archive, you get my best, most current vision, of possibilities for piano. I think, there's only been one dud, or less than successful piano

album, out of the twenty four, in that  
Archive part two. At any rate, I've got some  
thoughts, about the world political  
situation, and I'll share here. We think that  
this world, and these contemporary  
systems, are pretty good, *and for the most  
part, life is as it should be, for most  
everyone in the free world.* But, I belong  
to the class of people who just read of  
news, from week to week, and who get it  
mainly from television, and internet. I can  
fairly confidently go without reading the  
news, for a length of time, *without any real  
fear or worry* that everything will  
conflagrate, and I'll miss the story, and



won't be informed. In other words, the world's good operation, doesn't depend, or hinge upon me watching, or not watching, either one... I'm quite sure, that if stuck on a tropical island, in the middle of nowhere, *my life would depend on me getting some food and water, each day, but world news, for myself, is completely unnecessary...* in fact, I think that the world might run better, without me watching it, twenty four seven. So, the kind of nightmare visions, conjured by the threats which some world leaders make verbally, *aren't any different than they were back in the nineteen sixties and seventies...* Our world is still basically

operating the same as it ever was... *not without real verbal threats, and not without some real comfort, and security, if you'll just look at less world news, and not worry about it.* (not that worrying will end us, but just, who wants to worry?) At any rate, you can see my thoughts on this, here. I think, as well, that the world leaders, in general, pretty much have the methodology, and practice of government and administration down to an art form. Every once in a while, someone gets rejected, for past or current miss conduct, but, it looks to me like the business of government is, and has to be equitable, and profitable, or it

isn't sustainable. But, most countries live with at least some debt. *When your country is in debt, it makes ordinary programs like writing a book, or managing a small business, or raising a teenager, seem more perilous, and the mind has to deal with worry... such as, 'Will this day's writing be the straw that breaks the camels back? Will this be the big mistake, which causes collapse? But, these worries and doubts, are for the most part irrational, and our world isn't about to self destruct... only the opposite, as most people are holding on so much tighter... most people's budget will be balanced, I think it's just the tendency to*

*over worry, which I think is at play.*

There's the one out of one thousand, which messes up, and gets all of the attention.

*Just dont let it be me, or you.* So, our system works well enough, thank you. At

any rate. Writing like this, putting thoughts together, on external media, is very therapeutic, for me. Just having the external focus, can be so important, as thoughts and dreams, worries, and doubts sometimes threaten to swallow me up, when I stagnate. *On any given work week,*

*I'll tend to want to find something to do with myself... my mind being pretty good, and my having instruments and tools. But,*

right now, there's a lot of resistance, and it's somewhat contentious. But, you've got to remember, this is not for profit, and I'm not making anything from this music and writing. If one album out of twenty four has a glitch or an issue of some kind, then that's not bad, and so, it's not bad figures. So, I'm not going to worry about that. It's not my piano playing which does or doesn't affect life in my land, much. It's having good laws, and penalties... *and a good small town police department is the first defence against anarchy.* Not my piano playing, good or bad. Well, just some thoughts. A person, a ship's captain, makes

an Atlantic voyage because the weather,  
and the season is favorable. Not the other  
way around. Any way, just some thoughts.  
We here are passing a few minutes, before  
our lunch meeting, and I'll get a few  
thoughts down, in this fashion, and see  
what's on my mind. A person might not  
know if there's anything beneath the  
surface, until you can meet at the common  
table, and kind of exchange ideas. Some  
people want some of your attention, at any  
given time... and they've kind of got to  
have this attention... even when you might  
be more set on just enjoying the food,  
they'll be vying for your time, and

attention... two or three at once, sometimes.

*At any rate, this is part of the joy of group living, and keeping a writing or music path*

*like I do... people always need, or think they need, some of your attention. Even*

when you might not feel like it, they're there. And you might try to say something,

and they're bossy, or defensive... some days, it's a constant fight, especially when

your media is pushing the envelope, or leading the pack. Well, but you've got to

have people around you... *in fact, they make all the difference, between healthy and mentally isolated, and depressed.* This

is just the truest thing. Some people that I

know of, would just completely thrive, in group home living... I think, that if you're a senior, and your spouse passes away, you should think most seriously about going in a managed care type of home, not a nursing home, but a real family home, or a foster home for seniors, with homemade meals, and a back yard to sit in. *I don't think that I've given up anything, by my being in this type of thing... my needs all get met... no one treats me callously, or disrespectfully... because its a real home.*

(With its own ecology, and atmosphere, not just a clinical, or professional environment, solely, either one.) Well, these have been



some thoughts. Well, I'll wrap this writing up, and put it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

Here's the way that I'm usually spending my down time, these days. I always seem to be navigating the yogic ocean of my own subtle etheric musculature... *so, now I'm thinking how my lower energy centers, especially my solar plexus, seem to enfold,*

*and support my cognitive sphere, like a womb...* and I'm trying to bring, and swaddle this kind of sheltered snug feeling, around my mind, like a blanket. And it's just in this sense of how this lower sensibility smooths out the angularity of being too exposed, in the blistering sun... *and just softens my whole experience.* I've written previously about replacing the scratchy wool blanket with the cotton one... this is the idea. At any rate. I sit here, on this bed, and in my study corner, and just think, for a minute. *I think, that my musical style, here lately, has been caught, in my dream catcher.* The diaphrenous,

silken, tenuous filaments of inspiration up  
above *are easily caught in the netting, of  
my dream catcher.* But, the nature of my  
experiences, in living, show, me, too how I  
can have a long productive life, and career,  
and continue my 'poetic processes,' like a  
professional, and continue offering  
meaningful work, unto a willing audience...  
who seek it out... and who will continue to.  
On the one hand, we might be making art  
somewhat 'On a wing and a prayer,' but,  
speaking for myself, there is such a great  
amount of information which can be  
gleaned, and garnered, just from the way I  
feel, sitting at my word processor. The

ways the keyboard feels beneath my fingertips... my present sense of control, and command over the words going onto the page, for instance, *surely tells me that there's a few end readers, who are brokering for a good chance, to read these very words sometime tomorrow...* this is a circuit, which will be complete, if I have anything to do with it. These words, hopefully, *will in time become 'stones in the master's footpath,'* and will form a beckoning, into newer and more youthful tomorrows, beyond today's sunsets. I've thought numerous times today, how my lower back seems to 'enfold, and support'

my 'cognitive mind sphere.' I think, what is meant by this is thus: *the powers of procreation are a latency, which is present always... whether or not you actually do procreate, this latency is still there.* This is like a warm blanket, which you can bring up, and swaddle your mind in... like a cotton blanket, on a winters night. So, it's like, the solar plexus energy center is a kind of warmth, and a feeling of the warmth of the sun, and of making it of avail to yourself, in dealing with chronic migraines. So, and these energy centers along the vertebrae are, some of them, like a passport into the heart of warmth, and

security... migraines can't bother you, then.

So you might can see, I might be sitting still, *but within, I'm dancing... and somewhat like a honeybee, going from flower to flower, in search of the good stuff.* This will be happening continually, throughout any given day. Oh well, this probably sounds crazy, but it's true. At any rate, I'm greatly looking forward to getting outside and enjoying the sunshine this morning, but meds, chores, and hi jean comes first. Well, the news lately has been the extreme summer heat... its supposedly hotter than its ever been... in the northern hemisphere, that is... the south is in winter,

I think. I somewhat tell myself, that my generation is coming into maturity, these days, and we're just 'feeling the heat' more, than we ever have. *But perhaps our living planet really does 'hot up,' and some years it's like a 'perfect storm.'* Last Christmas was one of the coldest ever, and our own paranoia may be making it worse! At any rate, I'm hoping this is not true, and that we can get back to our lives. I'm enjoying the warmth outside and listening to my phone's juke box. *I'm finding this writing to be the closest to excellence I've ever come.* The literary voice throughout these audio books is most articulate, and I'm pleased to

brainstorm and pass the results on to my readers. At any rate, sometimes the best way to get past a low place in writing is to visually imagine tossing a deck of playing cards into the air, and letting them fall haphazardly across the table top, in random order. Maybe this will help my mind to move forward, because this is so much like how life is, at times. Just a thought. When ever life makes me scared, and I wish to uncover more of an occult or hidden thing... out of my sight, then I can peer into the spaces of an empty word processor or notebook page. You might not think you know much, about the broader world,



beyond, *but I believe that our subconscious minds are continually filling our immortal souls and spirits in on things which our mortal eyes can't see.*

Writing is such a useful tool, for looking within... for instance, these words now, they seem given of an intelligence, within my solar plexus... is this to say that my own mind has seen something? Well, I think that my mind, or spirit has seen something... I just don't know what, exactly... but having seen, or processed visually, or cognitively of a thing, there would then likely be words which could be looked within, upon my cognitive surface...

these, then are words. I have written previously about how a deep mind might process sound in such and such a way... with respects to having heard what sounded like howitzer booms nearby, a few years ago... mightn't such have been a 're adjusting,' or 're aligning,' of our neighborhood aural environment? (I have heard retired military, and government people, on call in radio shows, speaking about unexplained sonic booms, like those I heard before, only, in this case, out West, in California... these people would speak of periodic 'grid realignment,' especially if the sounds were persistent, and remained

unexplained... *if there was no apparent cause behind such booms, such got attributed to covert you ess government weather modification operations.* Whether or not you believe this, is your business. I tend to think more like the 'teenager antics' explanation, which I imagine might be more common in rural areas. You know, like someone got a hold of some military surplus munitions, or something like that.)

Any way, we will take the philosophical high ground after any unexplained event, or phenomena. I was just writing in my previous article of my fears around earthquakes, and the talk of our weather

being the 'hottest ever,' Don't you suppose these are probably irrational fears, based in our superstition, and paranoia... more hysterical than fact. See? But what else explains my worrisome symptoms? Well, I'm haunted by the you tube videos from last years quake. *I'll never forget the panicked people, on the street, as nearby buildings toppled over, with people in them.* Add to this scare, my knowing that I will hallucinate... olfactory, auditory, tactile, even visual flubs happen. *I think I saw something, so that makes it true.* But it's the worry in my eyes, which invents a visual if light effects appear to be so. For

instance, two years ago, one night, I stepped out and on the walk thought I saw a silver rocket cruising up into the sky, overhead, complete with a trail of sparks. I later figured out my new tortoise shell eyeglass frames would reflect light like that, in an arc, above my eyebrows, and just across my field of view. At any rate, you get the idea... *perception is a 'Q' variable... given color largely by emotions, and expectations.* Well, I'll wrap this writing up and add it in with the others. All for now. Greg.

~

IN BEGINNING THIS NEW PART FIVE,

of this part bee twenty twenty three  
audiobook, this morning, *my mind  
considers many things*. I'm feeling clean  
and comfortable, as I've just gotten my  
shower, and am sitting here on this bed, to  
see just what arises to the surface, and to  
start this new audiobook chapter. I think  
that the writing of the recent three years,  
living here, has been some of my best ever.

Having good home management, and hi  
jean, meals, medicines, and chores all

being seen to on a morning like this one, *I know a little about how to start this writing, as well.* There aren't many things more enjoyable, than getting new thoughts down, onto media, *as such is like a walk along the boundary line, between the sea, the shore, and the sky.* If the sea, could be likened to my subconscious ocean, then the sky is my vast unconscious universe, and the shore, is the realm of purely visible sights and sensations, the ground upon which we walk, and the material world in general. I've seen this way numerous times before, *as such seems to represent the writer's place in the world, with the*

*unfolding flow of moments setting the scene in motion.* We've got a lot to be thankful for, living in this world, in this present, as we are... I think that this is something that has to be said. The third eye, the membrane through which I look out upon the subconscious world, this boundary, is rarely ever at complete ease... *ones being is always going somewhere... into the journey of writing, is just one of many destinations, which I can see from here.* Looking further ahead, past our morning snack, we'll find a good nourishing lunch, and me and a partner will wash all of the dishes afterward. After



that, a restful afternoon. Probably the biggest presence, which my third eye can discern, *is this writing itself, and the way I am charting a course across sometimes steep uneven ground...* With the elements disagreeing, as they are, the feeling is like unto being a contortionist... and many are the metaphors which could be used to illustrate, and represent this latent becoming. I'm never too sure, just how a written article will progress... *one has to partner with angelic invisible presences, to make it work right, and this is challenging, to say the least.* One applies critical discernment, to anything that comes forth,

and this is really the key, to being most happy with your finished results. I can see, from this perspective, now, that this writing is coming along well, and is a strong beginning, to this new part... *I couldn't ask for any better experience, right now, than to be doing and receiving this literature... that's for sure.* Our weather outside today is beautiful at this present, with I think a chance of rain this afternoon. But, I'm sitting indoors, and enjoying the coolness of my study corner, while listening to one of my recent piano albums. I just know, and so have to say, how many are there aspiring writers out there, and dealing with

the always changing subconscious phenomena, and appearances, *have to be seen as the biggest real day to day hurdles... these sights and sensations have to be seen from a creative perspective...* one asks oneself, 'What is this present discomfiture becoming, or trying to become, artistically, this morning?' (Other than me being distracted, *what is wanting to come into existence?*') Many people never get to this important understanding, which frees one up, then into just letting spirit presences do the work which they wish to, *without ones own doubting ways, or victim mentality ever affecting the work*

*much.* The Good Lord, can easily work with a willing soul, especially when that person knows *not to get so discouraged, by surface factors, like mental discomforts, and contorted type moods.* The person should be aware of this important rule, and stay in a state of readiness, and receptivity, for whatever work, his trusted familiars, and peers, might wish for through himself. I've come to realize that this is really a nice time to be alive on Earth, *the creative tools, once you find how to get the most from out of them, are just beyond my wildest dreams.* There are contrary elements in the world scene, though, and

*we're stunned with disbelief sometimes at what our news tells us.* But, I believe that to the gentle nature spirits, today is just as beautiful a day as any that has ever been... ever. Don't forget this simple truism. The breezes blowing so gently across this land, though, *remind us of some of nature's other moods...* our houses and neighborhoods are

somewhat set down into these lands, in general and we fancy we have a symbiotic relationship, many people enjoy feeding wild birds, for instance, and this will continue. The weeds and grasses are getting up in the adjoining pastures, near this house, but our lawn is neat and

trimmed. I don't think we would like to forgo our human amenities for long... *animal ways we wouldn't understand.* I think that's true, but I've always liked the 'species contrast' at the boundary between our worlds... *the animals seem to like it too, and are often seen basking in the light of the people's consciousness...* Which is something I enjoy. I've written before how nature is a 'second opinion,' and the perspective she affords is priceless. But turned around, she might would blow our houses away. So you have both, and we have to adapt. At any rate, now that I've gotten this writing thus far, I feel I'm

starting to relax, and go it a bit easier, into the afternoon. At any rate, it's now been almost two years since we lost our main benefactors, who operated this ranch home, for thirty years... when I moved in, in twenty sixteen their health was failing... she had cancer, and didn't know it, and died in twenty twenty one. He followed her, by three months, with his complete renal failure, and their grown daughter, and son took the reins, and have kept us ever since.

*I was shown a planetary mystery, back in two thousand and four, and have mentioned in this journal numerous occasions, of the Turning of the Ages, from Pisces the fishes*

*to Aquarius the water bearer. This zodiacal transition, is measured by the Precession of the Solstices... along the night time horizon, throughout all of the signs of the Zodiac, and returning to where began, which is known as a Great Year, in Astrological terms... and takes place in our Earthly views of the seasonal solstice sunset point changing houses, as the Earths orbit around the Sun is seen to rise and fall up out of and back down into the plaine of our spiral Milky Way Galaxy.*

These houses, or signs Pisces, and Aquarius are each approximately two thousand and one hundred sixty year clicks, along a



## twelve house

Cycle, or Great Year. What is the importance of this knowledge? We today know that the Ancient Ones knew of this

Great Year, and the temple and burial monuments they built are constructed and laid out in harmony with this knowledge.

May be this understanding can help us in this present time... *to find Mankind's most full potential, and to live in consciousness and knowledge, of who is thought of as the Ascended Ones, and that wisdom possessed by the Higher ascended beings the Earth has enfolding and encompassing it.* It is important, for instance, for me myself to

act only in accordance, with this inner  
unseen world... and more and more people  
are coming into consciousness of this  
higher plaine... *how is this writing, for  
instance, informed by these Mysteries, as I  
am writing it?* For more than thirty years,  
now, I have had an inner connection to the  
invisible beings who have gone on before,  
and who live amongst ourselves, *visible  
only through our higher faculties, our third  
eye, or the boundary, between inside self,  
and above the self...* this is thought to be  
given from the '*seat of the soul,*' or the  
pineal gland, within our minds, as it looks  
out upon the subconscious and unconscious

realms each life has, and not everyone can find these meanings, until they enter into the world above, and pass from mortal existence, into the Here After. *But, some are given insight, many years before they pass on.* How can we find our human full potential, with consciousness of our being in the opening years of the New Age? *Well, this type of knowledge is useful in bringing inner peace, in this world of such conflict, and mental illness...* as we see people who have fallen into death, and who work terrible woe. We can really know, that the largest cycle knowable in a human present life span, and sense, is this Turning,

and such began to be heralded in the seventies, and nineteen eighties, and the actual turning point was around the Spring of nineteen ninety eight... so, our planet is really young, in this new Aquarian age... as only twenty five years have passed... *I think it is some common sense, to see how this is a time, of transition, for everyone, and many old paradigms are being absorbed into the new ones.* It has even been suggested, that this period will be a time when we make physical contact with beings from beyond our solar system, who might be in search of ourselves, and our planet, *for it's water,* which isn't very

common, and which will be necessary for their lives as well. This might be suggested in the term '*Water Bearer*,' or might be our Earthly best resource, which other planetary life might be in need of...

***so our contacting others, might hinge upon our water... our H two Oh.*** (In other words, the very term *Water Bearer*, might be an subconscious indicator, as to just when contact, might be likeliest to occur!

During the Aquarian Age, which is the present one, just beginning, we might be contacted by other life from another planet, because it is thought to be that water is essential for physical life as we know it.

Perhaps, the Aquarian is the central house in the Zodiac, for this reason... *this central importance of water, not just for us, but maybe for all life.* So, contact seems likely to be soon.) At any rate, these are some thoughts. Anyone who enjoyed reading Carl Sagan's Cosmos, in the late seventies, will be already familiar with this line of thinking. Well, just some thoughts, I'm sure you've got your own. *But, this is my best effort, at re introducing this Turning of the Ages, for myself, and my readers, in a while.* And, there aren't many others living who are talking about this... *you'll come, as I have, to see, how this is*

*Soulular knowledge... what we are  
commonly given upon physical death...  
but, my best thinking is that this is  
special, and precious insight, for we  
mortals, in wisely choosing our paths, in  
this Earthly plaine... where there is way  
too much confusion, a little light might be  
of great assist. At any way, all for now, I'll  
add this article in with the others, and send  
your way now, Greg.*

~

As I begin to get some thoughts down, into this smart device's word processor, this morning, I can somewhat see, how the ideas shared in the first article, while being true, *are somewhat not spoken of by many... here again, I seem to be talking about an unpopular topic.* But, I'm used to being unpopular, so I guess this is normal, and acceptable. This land of democratic ideals can indeed support me and my ideas... *if you believe in a thing, you'll be inclined to speak of it...* this is true. At any rate, I lay here on this bed with this device's screen tilted up on my lap, and inputting these ideas. I feel good this



morning, this first Thursday in August, this year. I play a cd-r on my 'optical victrola,' and am immediately impressed by how clear the sound is, how smart the piano playing. So, in this sense, already things to be thankful for. This bed supports me well, and the temperature in the room is pleasant.

This weekend, I hope to finalize a new nature video, I'm calling '*Cumberland Summer.*' At our present, we've got some good sunlight, and the breezes are blowing the tree branches around a bit... should be some good photography. If you can see anything good in my videos, it's probably got something to do with the trance states

which are interspersed through out my piano improvisations... I leave these bits in there, partly because of what I feel is their origins, in the transcendent ways of our appreciation of nature's sentient side... *I believe that we are understudies of this transcendent nature, as these natural creatures all partake of this peace, these fugue states.* So many have spoken of a Natural Religion, which is religion, or Deism, by reason, not Divine revelation. Wicca, shamanism, totemism, animism... these form the Pagan beliefs, in general. Someone takes the Bible on faith, as a child, *and is shaken at a point.* He or she

learns to ask questions, and to think critically as an adult. The inn between lands are sometimes spoken of as being comprised of this Pagan way of seeing, and cognition. *At any rate, when the Pagan is shown how, 'cleanliness is next to Godliness,' this, then is the reformed life, which has been through the 'wages of sin,' and has seen the Light.* At least that's my view. But I don't want to say, that any reformed life will ever wish to abandon their rational intellect, or adopt some irrational or anachronistic view... that's the part that people like me can't do... the meaning of 'take up one's cross,' to most

people probably means selfless service to the greater cause... *not actual crucifixion.*

Just some thoughts. In many ways this philosophy is the backbone of the American work force... *but that's not to say there aren't a lot of equally enlightened pagans who work as well.* And we definitely live in a multi cultural, multi belief world. In fact, the only way I will approach any standard belief in my world, is from an inter faith perspective. So there you are. Well, I sit outside in this shack and think, and write. There is a canine curled up by my feet on his blanket. There is a cloudy, drizzly weather system passing

overhead, and the light from the sunn is  
suffuse and dimm. Almost no wend  
whatsoever, so not much momentum in this  
storm. But blessed cooler temperatures!  
Well, the day has been productive, for me...  
I've now got a new nature video. I think  
that the fun parts of artistic expression are  
in the doing, and the sharing, and in the  
receiving of new works. *The 'golden age,'*  
*of an art is in the eyes and senses of the*  
*receiver, the beholder... not solely in some*  
*text book.* At any rate, when we slow down  
to nature's pace, we'll find great art and  
design is everywhere... this is the  
challenge, of course... only at the great

pace of our economy, how can this be possible? So, I make my music and videos about this slower world, which is found just outside of any doorstep, or in the city's parks and greens... don't forget about these special places just made to help us relax. So, I think you'll like my new nature video, especially if you'll see it as a relaxation aid. At any rate, this is Friday afternoon, and, I've somewhat paid a few dues, this week... *it sure pays off, as the rest is so good, in an evening like this.* Anyway, I don't have much better to do, than to take it easy and jot down a few thoughts tonight... I'll see how far along I can get this writing,

as time progresses. Anyway, I like this little outside shack to sit and write in, but with the temperature up there this evening, I'll be wanting to get back in soon. There are some of my audiobooks that never fail to restore my holistic outlook. After all, this is what's most important, and so I like those things and media which do this. *At*

*any rate, when I think about the vast expanse of a piece of note book paper, in light of this creative intellect, which seems it can make anything that it dreams of, possible paths seem to multiply. My theory, is that Nature is the disperser of spiritual blessings, and all blissful*

consciousness flows from her infinite depths... serious study of Nature implies at least some of these spiritual locales, and experiences. Anyways, it's a nice, new Saturday morning, and I gradually arise from bed. Today should be sunny and hot, and I hope to finish this article. *But the going is slow, and incremental.* You might not think that there's anything on your mind, from hour to hour, but each click on your timeline has one or two novel ideas, unique to itself. This is the way of the grower, who walks in step with the seasons, *and who knows how each step of the way is just as important as any other...* tilling,



fertilizing, planting, watering, weeding,  
harvesting... one sweeping motion, at  
nature's pace, to get the produce to market,  
the food on the table. At any rate, there will  
surely be some gardening today, as squash,  
beans, and tomatoes will be ready to pick,  
clean, and prepare... *all of this requires*  
*work*... the yard will need work, the weeds  
trimmed down along the fences, the gutters  
cleaned... And today is so hot. So these are  
just some of what homeowners will be  
doing... there's a lot of work inside, too...  
dusting, vaccuming, balance the check  
account, pay bills... *each task requires*  
*focus*. At any rate, when I'm working on an

article of writing, I'm focusing one hundred percent on myself... *but, I'm schizophrenic, so the usual work of homeownership isn't my concern, too much.* But, we do have

chores... you might could understand how hard it is to wash dishes after a home cooked meal for twelve people, or to clean and scrub two commodes, every morning...

*every one gets a different chore each week...* this is how we get our work done.

But writing like this is extra, and most people don't have this kind of freetime... time to look closely at one's own feelings, and to try and get them down on paper, in an ordered fashion. Well these have been a

few thoughts. I hope you've enjoyed reading or hearing them... I've sure enjoyed writing them. Well, this is a sunny, and hot

Monday morning, the second in August, this year. The more I live, in this life, the more I'm impressed with my own mortal weaknesses, and fallibility. There's a song lyric, which I love, which says how, '*Life's like a dove... you don't always have the strength to rise above.*' Only I've seen

how, by just admitting your own weaknesses, to that one, you'll find the forgiveness which you need. In truth, you didn't need to worry yourself over the thing, it took care of itself, for instance,

and if you're wise, you'll remember your disability, *and that you're not Superman.* (Some of us might qualify for that name, but I'm not one of them.) This weakness will increasingly become apparent, at a point, the older you get, as decay and decline affects everyone, some more than others. So, through this writing, I'm trying to give myself a little reassurance... just because you failed in your eyesight, *doesn't mean you've failed in God's eyesight.* God sees you, right past your self blaming... which is the Devils work... not God's. The Devil is this oppositional force, he's just looking for anything through

which to accuse you. You might well play the piano, and do well at it, *but that doesn't necessarily mean that you can do all of the things that others can do... take schizophrenia, for instance... this is not a diagnosis made lightly.* Some things, I know, I wouldn't even want to attempt... like trying to please everybody, all of the time... it helps to know when you've been touched by God, and to just do what you're comfortable doing... not thinking you've got to please everyone... just do what you can, in some cases... time will heal the wound, not you, by any stretch of the imagination. *God forgives, and heals.*

Well, just some thoughts. As our week gets along, we're expecting some blustery rain, I think. But hopefully not much damage, or fatalities. I'm glad to have my instrument, my piano, and other tools around me, and fully functional. The only one holding me back, from some success, most likely is myself. When your wish is to have some soothing relaxation music and videos to offer, and good writing, like this, then you just make it and do that. *No one is stopping you.* Just some thoughts. Well, now I look, and see that I've gotten a good start on this new writing... it always helps, to think of writing as therapy... just by

walking yourself through what's on your mind, you can usually see things how God sees them, *and find, and experience forgiveness and self acceptance. This works most every time.* Then, you can stand upon this 'higher truth,' rather than continue self blaming, which probably isn't God's business, at all. At any rate, a few thoughts. It's a cloudy, wendy mess passing over us, like a streak of precipitation, just for us, at our latitude. Hopefully it won't get too bad. I've seen bad weather a time or two, and once, in twenty eleven, a multiple twister outbreak completely obliterated the south side of my

town... I was on the north side, and woke up in the dark early morning, with golf ball sized hail pounding on our tin roof. The damage was already done, by that time, on the other side of town.

We knew we'd get some bad weather this year, and I always forget how these things sometimes are. *Once the last of this present storm passes, we'll breathe a lot easier.* At any rate, this has somewhat been a day of writing, not that I've written a lot of words, *but I would say that today's content was so therapeutic*, as sometimes an unexpected time, or event happens, and it can require my walking myself through



the different ways of looking at the thing.  
But I gain, from this, some time learning  
about God's thoughts, on the thing... not  
just my own paranoid self criticism...  
which is not always correct. Well, this is  
nice to have found, *and I'll always  
remember these sorts of lessons, and to try  
and rise above my mortal weaknesses, my  
self doubts, and criticisms... God's way, is  
the right way.* Well, these have been some  
thoughts. Our weather has passed on to the  
East, and our tomorrow is supposed to be  
sunny and hot. Well, all for now, Greg.

~

I again sit on this bed, and input a few lines into this smart device's word processor. We

have finished with the mid day meal and gotten situated, into this afternoon. There is a lot of drenching rain, just to the west of here, coming our way, but it will only last an hour or two, and be on its way, off to the

east. I have two days, or so to get some writing progress here before I go with my Dad to their house in the adjoining state, for a two and a half day visit. I am looking forward to this enormously, as it will be

good to get away. But for now, just writing  
and watching this rain pass overhead. I  
have an interesting hobby, as an audiophile,  
who enjoys listening to recorded media of  
all kinds, from a few studio produced  
masterpieces, to a lot of home made  
recordings, and live music recordings going  
back to its invention, around the turn of the  
last century. *I have found so much joy in  
this audiophile hobby, in fact, that I just  
have to speak of such.* Nothing seems like  
it can capture the essence, or gist of a time,  
like can audio recordings made thereupon.  
Listening back to audio recordings, lets one  
peer into the nuances of yesteryear... this

definitely helps fill in and complete one's understanding of the past... not just from studio recordings, but home recordings, and live music, recorded at venues, with crowd ambiance. *Sometimes one's understanding makes a quantum leap, through studying these recordings...* it's always enlightening to see how our suppositions about a time, compare to actual live ambient recordings, of the time, with sounds of musicians and audience inter mingling. *These recordings are, essentially, sigh kick work benches, of sorts, through which pasts, present, and futures, can be compared.* By examining

nuanced distinctions, from one play back to the next, *we can learn about our own thoughts of the present, and make hopeful assessments of the future.* So often, our subconscious minds feel one way, and we might not be conscious of such... the audio media, can help one to get in touch with any worries, or uncertainties, one day compared to the previous day. For instance, sitting here, just now, my subconscious mind fills me in on my real fear of weather phenomena... after all, it's only been a week or two since we had a sigh kick anomaly... *which was an aural hallucination, which everyone who was*

*awake at the time heard.* This was quite unusual. I hadn't really had to experience anything like this since the first decade of the century... anomalies one or two, which might have been weather predictors... as

April of twenty eleven saw the worst tornado outbreak the eastern half of the

nation has ever seen. I'd call that a significant outbreak, and so any sigh kick

anomalies leading up to such an event,

*were lessons in prediction.* So I'm inclined to feel that way now. This was an window rattling boom, followed immediately by the

sound of a crackling fireball... like a

Hollywood explosion, *which was tangible,*

*almost visual... and evidently in our minds.*

But the ground shook, we're sure of this, and we all felt it. It might have even been a small earthquake, which would explain that. *When we get to the big one, the ground would really shake... an abrupt jolt, or an intense side to side thrashing, or even a cave in.* There had been a story earlier that day about a trembler at a rock concert. Could there be a connection? As a young man I had hiked Cumberland Caverns, with the Scouts. Maybe the ground's not completely settled? *So looking towards the sigh kick work bench, I'm seeing this funny stuff...* It just makes

me think how a really big earthquake might would have a lot of emotional setbacks, and tremblers leading up to it... this is the Bible

Belt... so my eyes have somewhat been opened... *the boom we heard might have been a masking hallucination, for an much more serious instability beneath our feet?*

But we don't know. All we can do is look at what the present reveals, and make the best assessments and judgments that we can from the surface appearances. I just think that it's really strange that we had a ground jolting event, which rattled the windows, *and which was accompanied at the same instant by a boom whoosh type of*



*sound*, like gunpowder makes when it ignites... which was evidently not in the real world, but which was a hallucination...

but a vivid one, to be sure. *I just don't think that I would have heard a real boom whoosh, in reality, as I was in my study corner at the time, with my head phones*

*on.* Yet my mind did. There are a few other facts, from that day, *but the only one that seems like it might be connected was the seismic tremor felt at a rock concert, earlier.* Maybe the two jolts we felt that day later that week were masked by the boom whoosh sound, so that we wouldn't blame the concert promoters for having

caused an earthquake swarm. The powers that be might not want us to panic over a looming New Madrid fissure, or something? I don't quite know. *Why wouldn't they want us to know ahead? If they thought it might, wouldn't the geologists tell us?* But, at any rate, this is just bugging me... did we see a you eff oh? Isn't that interesting? *It's just that, most people, who aren't schizoid, or spiritualists of the animistic school, might not know about the 'grumpy old men,' or quite realize, how there's a better world, which many of us can see over into, and which appears to await for us, individually,*

*beyond the grave.* Maybe through this writing, more and more will be shown to *'inquire of the beyond,' and learn to experience the full six senses which our full mortal potential includes.* Well, these have been some thoughts.

I send forth my bread upon the waters, and it comes back four fold. At any rate, my mind can easily figure how, by asking the right questions, and *'inquiring of the beyond,'* I can be given answers, and thus grow in understanding. So, through the 'ask, and you shall receive,' premise, I have found abundant satisfaction.

At any rate, you can see, kind of, how the internet writer's mind works... the writer reader relationship is an important one, *as one's sum intelligence is more than just in what he or she sends forth... it's in the reflected light which comes back, as well.*

At any rate, there is more unto the empty spaces between us, than meets the eye, ordinarily. When need arises, Spirit can Manifest itself in an instant of time. You might even see an Angel, clothed with the apparent garb of the non corporeal, and with the Universe in His or Her Eyes. *This would be a Presence you'll never forget!*

This evening, I stepped out on the front porch, and could vividly see the animal presences there... older brother dog curled up on the mat, and five small puppies, four boys and one girl, with raccoon eyes, in a cozy pile in the flower bed. The thick barked giant trees, their leafy branches waving around in various directions, they were aware of me, standing on the porch, *and I knew I should get back in... I belong with the people.* Nature is at full stride, *with patchy storms charging across our state like thorough breds.* Just what is the Gospel according to you? Nature is

beautiful and warm, *but mysterious...* an August night. The last thing we'd want would be an earthquake... *but the poor people in Turkey weren't given any warning, or choice.* This is how tornados are, too. I don't think anyplace gets those hardly ever except the south and east you ess. This is caused by the north westerly cold jet stream interacting with the warm gulf southerlees, and the shear this creates. *We'd have to adapt.*

The questions I might have had are answered... it doesn't have to be anything, *just take it on faith that the Good Lord has*

*that under control.* I'll tell you something... for years, I've been blessed to have spatio spiritual consciousness... some have spoken of this shift, which some reach, '*From mind to super mind,*' and the advancements this brings. But, now I realize that there's another important shift happening these days... '*From super mind to artificial intelligence augmented super mind, or ultra mind.*' For instance, my last four books, or so are simply higher intelligence quotient... higher functioning... than my previous... *because all of this recent work has been made using the autocomplete feature on this phone's word*

*processor.* This has implications for our future, as writers... We'll see less dead end alley ways, because our literary language choices are now fortified with this artificial intelligence... so no more grammar mistakes... and we'll choose the higher way.

So, do you see what I'm saying? *We're already well on our way, into being augmented... and we're reaping the benefits of this higher intelligence quotient, already.* I'm not the only one saying this... I think that writers everywhere are getting in on this advancement. If you're already using Augmented reality goggles, then you're just that much better. I'm not saying



that ordinary reality isn't good enough, or anything like that... only that as this technology becomes ubiquitous, *we'll find more and more implementations for it, until our lives are a lot smarter... our work, for instance, gets more efficient, and we'll all agree, that we're better off.* Like with the television and radio, our lives are somewhat improved, and we take that world of information for granted. These implementations have been an evolutionary step forward... *we've assimilated this technology, and benefited from it... we're smarter.* At any rate, these are some thoughts. I'm using the thought

affirmation, today which goes like... *'My lower back supports and enfolds my cognitive mind sphere.'* I've been needing this for a long time... *I'm improved.* I'm resting in this easier time; I've flown, to paraphrase the poet, *'Down into the soft bed.'* Now, if I'll just stay here. Anyways, it's almost the middle of August, and the coming week is expected to bring some cooler temperatures, especially at night.

This has been a hot summer... I'm reluctantly looking forward to Autumn. To peer beneath the surface of an empty word processor screen, it might require some thought jazz, to just start a flowing. Using

a sort of 'bold brush stroke,' at the start, this can be of assistance. You see, with this momentum began, other ideas can come along... before you know it, you've got a paragraph. You may not think that there's anything on your mind... *and be surprised to find otherwise.* This spontaneous language comes along when people meet at a common table, and can be unexpected. Usually this takes the form of a reassuring tone, more than anything, such that everyone present feels relieved. As everyone has higher power, *(we're more than just the sum of our ingredients, because our hearts are joined with the*

*heavenly light,)* we don't always know, exactly, what is beneath the surface, until this 'meeting of the minds.' But then we'll be filled in, of course. I so love these meals when we meet... it's different every time, *and always interesting to see how the higher powers interact.* Our meals are the focal point of our lives. At any rate. I think, hereupon, how glad I am to be as well adjusted as I am... 'the epithets carved on your tomb never manifested.' It's just that the Sunn, Moon, stars and other planets *are present within any heritage...* this must be remembered. Not everyone is so open with family history, though. *Some*

*folks don't give thier secrets easily, and need coaxing.* This was definitely like myself... only through many many tries and attempts at the goal of good writing, was thought formed. I was a prodigal, and had gotten set in my sinful ways... *I had to get to know the invisible presences about my life, before I could build an honest relationship.* This is why I so frequently relate of these higher presences... *I'm not the only one with heritage, by any stretch.* Well, just some thoughts. I'm feeling better today, than I have in a while... I'm glad to accomplish some pruning, and remediation with in my audio collection... *as the*

*precedent changes, in digital rights management, I'll have to change with it... or risk running afoul.* Anyone can see, how there will never be another talent like Art Tatum... *if you want that effect, you'll have to find it in the music retail outlets.* That's just the way it is. So Anyways, I'll wrap this writing up and add it in with the others. I hope you have a good weekend.

Greg.

~

The other night, I was listening unto a call in radio program recording, from the early or mid nineteen eighties. The callers, and the hosts got to talking about various 'end time' events, which were ongoing at the time, and I was seriously impressed with how exasperated and hyperbolic the callers and hosts began to get, *talking in exaggerated tones about the bad natural disasters, which were going on around that time.* There were volcanos, tsunamis, fires, typhoons, hurricanes, earthquakes, bad cold and heat... you name it, it was on those people's minds, *as being sufficient proof of the 'End Times,' and as being completely*

*unprecedented in all historical records...*  
people started calling in, to ventilate and  
share their frustrations, and worries, and  
their madnnesses, about the proliferation of  
negative news stories in general, *and*  
*especially natural disasters.* I was  
impressed with how those people were  
living in a kind of compressed time... much  
like some of us find these days, where the  
bad news stories just keep on coming, *and*  
*it seems almost to play on our minds, in a*  
*negative manner, making us unusually*  
*neurotic, and especially willing to ventilate*  
*about all of the gloom.* I realized right  
then, that **'the more things change, the**



**more they stay the same.'** Those people, back in the early nineteen eighties sounded just like people do, today... *many are just fed up with the troubling times we're living in*, and if you ask me, there'll be a grievance list, a litany of facts to come from their mouths, about all of the troubles people the world over are having to deal with, of the natural sort, and man made, both... *it was a vivid example, of seeing how 'times repeat themselves...'* the cycles of the past always repeat, and we can learn to wisely spot these repeating cycles, so that we don't think, or make the assumption that we're the first to find these effects, or

that our community is alone in dealing with these troubles. *We're only the latest to be hounded by these doubts and fears... not the only ones, by any means.* Times repeat themselves, and we're asked to feel the drama, like we're the first, or the only ones. I can just see, through the eyes of the future, how I should feel such compassion for myself, for the toil, and worry. So, lighten up! *I guess that the lesson from this is, God's in control, and we're no more worse off now than we ever were,* and in many ways, we're definitely improved, and a lot smarter than we've ever been. Our minds are *'AI augmented super minds,'* and

*we're only just beginning to maximize these smart tools, and devices... so the sky's the limit.* Well its a partly cloudy Monday morning in middle August... the temperature is getting hot today, with a heat index around one oh seven. So our cooler weather isn't here yet. If you didn't have air conditioning, you'd feel it for sure. At any rate, I enjoy passing the time at this word processor screen, and trying to make sense of the time, and get this writing the best it can be... *then I'll have equity to show for the time... that's what I'm in it for.* Parties are nice, too, only they're so much better when the work has come through

successfully. Well, having gotten this notion seen, about how times haven't changed, *and we don't always know what to do... information overload is so real...*

maybe I'll find it within myself to reverse all of my self criticism, and go easier on myself... *maybe it's time to turn off that crazy negativity... which is only a natural part of any unfolding moment...* the 'Choir

Invisible' doesn't always know what is transpiring, and these uncertainties get voiced every day. *We're only human*, and part of us always feels like 'this is surely the end.' Because it's unclear, just what...

***'But this is the pith of idle hands and***

*minds,'* and we agree. At any rate, it's good to get these ideas down on paper, *as I've been grasping at straws for a while, with this.* I think, that *'No one can change your life except yourself,'* is the best thing to say, here. Also, *'God's got it all under control, not we mere mortals.'* Well, these are some thoughts, this morning. I'm blessed that these thoughts can come through me... Makes me feel like a *'worthy vessel,'* a lucid mediumistic channel. I'm so blessed to have gotten the bugs, and glitches, and unfairness out of this writing... *I hope you have a balance in your life, as well as mine does.* Well, just

some thoughts. Moving along into the afternoon, now, the white gravel, and bright green lawn of this yard are visible as bright glares through the open door of this outside shack... the shade trees are Japanese Maple,

and with the sunn at zenith, they make contrasting shadows, beneath themselves where they block the light. *These moving forms slowly shift and morph, and can make for great relaxation videos.* If you wonder why I even do this writing work,

then maybe you can't read... *this is the height of what a single life can be...* in the midst of this creative process, and with the product coming along so well. My

thoughts are that, *the good feelings, now, are God's way of affirming this as well.* As someone who has been on both sides of the transpersonal voyage, *the good feelings are priceless.* You know, they're better than their opposites. They're nothing to complain about, that's for sure. **Good feelings are, almost always the Spirits way of showing agreement, and affirmation.** This isn't an alcoholic high, or an opiate... its a natural one! *(But, I'm not a licensed councilor, or therapist!)*

Well, these have been a few thoughts to finish out this article, and this part five, of this audiobook, twenty twenty three part

bee. *I guess that this both sums up my latest thoughts, in the now, and allows the next view, into our future.* I'll bring this writing to a close, now. Have a good coming Autumn, and New Year ahead. All for now, Greg.

~

I HAVE A GREAT AMOUNT OF BELIEF,  
and affirmation for my main parent  
directory, the I A, and I wish to in print  
offer support. Since I have joined the I A,



I've made really exponential growth, in finding the media which my grand people found, in their day. This especially was allowed by the open, relaxed atmosphere, and attitudes, around the archiving and sharing of the most important, kind of milestones, in the developing of photography, audio recording, and film, both silent and with sounds. Seeing and hearing this media has been an education for myself, not just in learning the specific types of media, and some of the personalities, and times, which were captured in this media, but in my recognition, and recovery, of the 'zeitgeist,'

of many key developments of, and in,  
especially, the twentieth century. I'm a lot  
more empowered, for instance today, to see  
just how far today's media has come, and to  
appreciate, even the contemporary gist, of  
today's sound bytes, which will  
undoubtedly be around for a while to  
come... these educated glimpses into just  
'what did I just witness?' ...a question  
which gets asked quite a lot, I would  
imagine... having a kind of well rounded  
perspective on today's news, for instance,  
comes much easier. But, for many people,  
the real milestone moments of twentieth  
century music and film, the bread winning

records, and films, have been avoided.  
(Because that's someone's income,) But a whole lot of more obscure media have been 'checked out,' by many people, and will continue to be. All thanks to the work of the patrons of the I A, in general. And, now it appears to be that the precedent for old, low fidelity recordings, in some cases, has changed, in America. Some of these old recordings are returning to their parent companies, and the Artists, and their heirs, and becoming retail products, all over again. Economic times are tight, and some of America's most low fidelity recordings, are by some of the most talented artists and

players... Jimi Hendrix is a good example...  
if you want to hear, and have, and possess  
this special high quality talent, then you'll  
have to pay a little, same as if you want  
the 'Led Zeppelin,' or the 'Vangelis.' So get  
over it... talent is talent... it's traded for  
money! But, on the other hand, there are  
and will be alot of sounds and video clips,  
which offer the precious glimpses into the  
early twentieth century times, people, and  
events, for instance, which are precisely  
what I value the I A for, anyway. Consider  
for example, the Vista Group, and that  
digitized VHS programming, from the  
eighties, nineties, and early two thousands,

which originally aired on public cable networks in America. If you're a student of those decades, you'll want to look into that collection. Another great glimpse into twentieth century esoteric culture, might be the 'Timothy Leary' collection. I learned everything else, kind of, from that. Not to mention from dozens of vintage cartoons, (some of which have returned in part to retail trade, nascently... no secret there, either, because, talent is talent!) There are significant vintage short films of various kinds, from the animated 'the Sinking of the Lusitania,' which illustrated, and made graphic, the horrific crime which led to the

United States getting into world war one...  
to the frightful, stop motion '*the Peanut Vendor*,' which scared theater audiences in  
between feature films, in the early  
twentieth century... I've loved reading  
classic radio broadcast recordings, as well.  
For instance, the full *twenty four hours of CBS radio D-day* broadcasting, one of the  
most powerful set of recordings in the  
world, to the nineteen eighties collection of  
the '*Open Minds*,' call in radio collection,  
with host Bill Jenkins. I was a grade  
school student then, and I'm always looking  
for clues, *digging around in those old broadcasts*. Well, You get the idea... and

I've just scratched the surface... my point being, **the I A** is by far my most cherished internet resource website. Definitely (at least) equally important as the *Wikipedia* is for others overseas. I think we have to ask ourselves, *'Are the children of Charlie Chaplin earning rightful royalty income?'*

I think this is a matter of individual conscience... not, just a 'blame game.'  
Maybe such should just be a 'challenge' for twenty first century patrons, a matter of individual conscience... *maybe we should Just give back, of what we've become, in appreciation of the great, almost life changing talent.* Just an example of how

upright people should think. Give back, if you've been blessed! Money is so hard to come by. Just some thoughts. All for now. I'll send this along your way now. Greg

~

When I was about eleven years old, my Dad brought home from work, one evening, a copy of John Williams' 'Pops in Space.'

This was Mr. William's first record, released in nineteen eighty. My copy was on eight track cassette. I began playing it,



constantly, and realized, *'This is way better than the church music,' I was familiar with.*

So began my love of John Williams. In the

late nineteen seventies, the church people,

many of them, made an intellectual and

artistic migration, and got in with the New

Age beliefs. The thing to understand about

this is the way *inner etheric light is*

*directly connected to the artwork, or media*

*which it's in the process of becoming...*

many didn't know this. I was one of

them... I thought that the inner phenomena

was the goal. *What a fool believes.* Now, at

the start of the nineteen eighties, the

microtechnology revolution was beginning,

and all of a sudden, people realized, *these micro electronics are, or will be the direct route to power, and opportunity, beyond all*

*others...* so, microcomputers, people realized, were at the heart of the New Age becoming... *no matter what, the new world*

*would include personal computers.* I myself, however, was slow... I was more interested in the Beatles, and the nineteen sixties revival... *I lagged behind, like I was in a time warp, and continually pursued*

*the trancy visual self hypnosis, which marijuana tends to develop, in its users.* I

felt, and I knew, that my growing familiarity with various mental states

would lead me, eventually, to the spiritual light, and to my destiny. So, but I had to later become acquainted with personal computers, just in order to get my thoughts, and musical ideas to some readers, and listeners. This micro technology, however, was somewhat over my head, and just mainly allowed my desktop publishing.

*Now, the Millennium, and the Turn of the astrological Age, completely sneaked up on me.* These things kind of converged around me, and I wasn't prepared for the chaos that was to come. But, I had a good bit of science fiction, and popular science was my main love, after the piano. *My mind*

*desperately needed illumination... but even this didn't allow me to much transcend my low station... it wasn't until I learned my way into stream of consciousness writing, that the higher thinking around my life, began to come out. So my mature voice could only be learned of, by and from, accessing it. I wasn't given any enlightened contemplative consciousness... I could only learn of the power, from using it... I wasn't given any cool, transcendent vantage on my life, until years later... after I had learned and gotten to know, my writing voice. And my drug usage made me a poor example, and so I encountered*

turbulence, and had two serious suicide attempts, before getting clean in two thousand and three. Well, and I've met many people in the mental health care system... many great men and women. But having artistic or literary 'gumption,' is a rare trait, as well... having been shown how having a musical instrument you can play, and a computer makes for a quick path into the expressive arts... getting used to playing for others becomes a passion, and I'm no exception. *Especially after I had learned to let only Spirit lead... a trusted familiar... a successful artistic marriage union can build any good artistic objective.*

And, this has been my main philosophy. If you want some nice new artistic product, you should make it yourself. This is my belief as well. At any rate, I'm grateful and willing to give back of my talents, which tonight means some new original piano. I've found, more or less, that through a kind of getting 'under' of whatever is troubling myself, the thing can be more easily managed. Especially this is true, at the 'seat of the soul,' *gaining vantage over these migraines is important... getting under it is like leveraging your subtle willpower.* This is a Wednesday, just starting the second half of August this year,

and I've just woken up, and have a few minutes before breakfast. I played the piano yesterday afternoon, and now have over an hour of new recorded music. It sounds better now, than I thought it did as I performed it. That's always nice to find, as I'm so critical of my real time playing. Our weather now is bright and sunny, and it's expected to continue into next week. *As all things tend to be in flux, and change, unless and until they're set in stone*, so to speak, the inner world can sometimes be a bewildering sort of *whirlpool* of strange thoughts, and contorted involutions. I try, when times are like this, to make it unto

my word processor keyboard, and peer into the pages, of the future, as I might can get them down, *onto set media*. Then, you might can see, working upon this new creation, external to my ever changing mind, and sensations, affords stability and grounding, which the inner, crashing waves can't affect, or change. At any rate, you can get the gist of my own philosophy, with regards to change, as such is, itself a constant in the online world, and such has imparted to me the ability to '*harness present realities*,' not in order to change them, but to remain constant, and unchanging. People you meet in this



world, have differing relationships... no two people will be the same. *Some are thinkers, others will be doers.* Some are incurable onlookers, and some appear to like hearing themselves talk. (I'm one of these.) Some try to control the scene, and when it's not going their way, they get upset by spitting and cussing, and fussing. *Some just don't know what constitutes literary work... never having put a continuum of ideas onto a page, or into music.* Still these might be the sharpest of wits. Some have to serve dominion, and control, *and don't do right, when they're subordinated... they're devils, or angels,*

*with no in between.* Some are in service of higher accessional beings, but they lack social graces. *Some bring people together, others drive people apart, some do both.*

Some think one thing, *others, something else.* Some keep their hair up, others let it down. As I'm inputting these thoughts, I'm pondering where they are going... if I can get a glimpse, that '*God is in control,*' I feel

much better. This present writing is a study in contrasts and opposites, so, to get past it I'll have to be circumspect. Last

night, I was dealing with a tension migraine, when at wits end, *I perceived how beings of every imaginable variety are*

*present eternally, hidden out of sight, but present just beneath the surfaces of all of empty space.* Then the importance of the vision passed, and I returned to ordinary consciousness. Even now, I can recall this effect. Dont get me wrong, my ordinary mindstate is a brew, of sort, of presences, and potentials. As I'm writing this, the quality of my existential experience is pretty good... you know, placing words onto this page, only as I'm led to the ideas. My mind is grasping for, *'What might flow, from this thought, in an intelligent manner?'* But the thing is, I'm not alone, in my mind... there are invisible presences,

about. It's like, it's the stuff of dreams, only I'm conscious, and awake. So, my thoughts are, *how can I put this essential duality to work, and in effect to channel good ideas, onto this written page?* And, especially the vision was liberating, *and all tactile mental phenomena dissolved away, in a moment.* So, recollecting it herein is nice, *a kind of peek into the afterworld.* Most people I know believe that there is a better world to make itself visible more, when God, and the Angels think it's time for one to ascend... there must be ongoing happening around us, which we're not privy unto... *perhaps I just need a little revival*

*occasionally...* I think this is the main idea of this life of mine, these days... how writing affords a kind of glimpse into the wonders and joys of just being, upon the leading edge of the onrushing flow of moments, *making reality, while perceiving it becoming.* This is the writers art, and there's nothing like being all lost in this timeless unity, *just being, amidst the hustle and bustle of my own views of the Universe... seen from the inside.* Well, I guess that I could carry this thinking further and further, but I guess I should just find a good stopping point, and add what I've got in with the others. I hope you have

found some benefit from reading or hearing this. Composing, like this, I think, is the main way I can share communion within my own higher mind, and among the gentle presences within and about myself... *my mind, and spirit*. I'll send this along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

**Here's a note:** *'Animal mutilation perpetrators are creatures from outer space.'* I thought I'd start, this morning,

with this quote, which is taken from an police assessment, of the animal mutilation phenomena, which I found online. I hope you can read, and see the way these types of woonds *always confuse, and dismay, and demoralize our communities...* We've had to deal with strays, which call our home their home, and I've seen '*live mutilations,*' on several times. I don't think that I've ever read about 'live,' animal mutilations... in which the dog or cat has to walk around with deep subcutaneous damage, down to the bone, in one or two cases, just hanging open, exposed in the air. *This has happened here at our house*

*two or three times, with one of the local dogs, in particular.* Whatever my reader sees in this type of case, whether it's connected to karma, or some notion of animal social justice, (*or miss carriage of justice,*) these things are very, very painful. When this happens, we tend to blame our neighbors, as if, like one of the other homeowners on our street, 'must've done it,' to get back at the animals, for having killed and eaten one of their cats, for instance, or even for having eaten the cats food, or for having been a pest... a retribution for something which a dog might do. But, no information like this



ever appeared... *more like, the opposite...*  
*people ain't like that at all, in these parts...*

we believe in humanely treating all  
animals. **I offered the quote, at the start,**  
**and I'll offer it again:** *'Animal mutilation*

*perpetrators are creatures from outer*  
*space.'* There's another name for these  
types of things, *'night cuts,'* you see the  
community never finds any culprit for this

type of thing... and people are just  
mystified... buffaloed. At any rate, I've  
never heard of these *'live'* woonds, have  
you? *I wonder if they weren't trying to*  
*'play with,' not just the people's minds, but*  
*the animal's too.* What we had to go

through, kind of crested in the winter of  
twenty twenty one... *and these woonds*  
*were extremely annoying...* and then the  
phenomena passed. Well, this may be the  
case, but we're trying to 'accentuate the  
positive,' and more or less to dispel of our  
worries, and dispense with them, and get  
this writing along. This is why I'm  
reluctantly offering this writing, as I'm  
convinced we made a fuss over nothing.  
See? We're very blessed, and we know it!

But, it's like, the way that an issue like  
suicide, in human society, might be seen as  
an 'omen,' but more likely, is just the effect  
of a person not living right... not

socializing properly. See? But the larger world is, indeed, somewhat 'crazy,' and it seems like it always will be, in certain locales, *and individuals do sometimes get sick*. But, hopefully this doesn't mean that there's an earthquake about to happen... or that there's a 'hidden rift.' (But I don't necessarily think that, we'd see the sign, even if there was an instability... do you know what I'm talking about?) So, this is a good example of a time to reassure ourselves, and for keeping on the sunny side. *And be well, and keep our sanity*. At least that's my view of it. Well, all for now. Well, at any rate, my mind sometimes

makes a shift to the right, or the left, in a paranoid delusional sense... but this usually means I just need to 'clear my head,' by getting outside and sitting in nature... *and not going back inside, until it has done so.*

I dealt with a touch of dementia back in two thousand and five, *and this way solved it, completely.* At any rate, I'm sitting outside, now, and am enjoying the light piano flowing from my small speaker. Our weather is beautiful, and it's expected to continue into next week. I'm enjoying the views of some longleaf pines, and the overgrown grassy field directly behind our back yard. Today is Sunday, and, with this

good sunn, my weeks wash is almost finished drying on our clothes line. I'll get them in here directly... right now is quality time, inputting these thoughts... and, I'm going to make the most of it. One is never quite too sure, how a writing session will go... the only sure thing is when some good ideas are already in our mind... and I'll just get them down, before they get by me, and I forget it. The jazzy styles of writing, as in 'tossing the cards into the air, and seeing where they land,' is somewhat effective...

and I've found that using metaphors in general, as in comparing writing to a flowing stream, or a solo line in music, *this*

*can be pretty effective... the ways that breezes flow, is another, and still another might be, electric fields around a circuit... these are 'flow state,' metaphors... and are useful in describing any kind of moving meditation, like clay modeling, or sculpting a rock, or carving wood into a desired form. Even energy flow, like a current of thinking going onto a page, can be like this.* Other kinds of 'moving meditation,' in art, are painting or sketching... this writing is another example. This doesn't have to be artistic expression... hiking, or cycling, or canoeing, or swimming can be thought of as this, as well. At any rate, I'm still

enjoying this temperate, mild morning by sitting out here in these gentle breezes, and listening to my jukebox on my phone through my speaker. Anyways, The you ess gulf coast is an extremely popular tourist destination, and many families will drive down from the southeastern states, to enjoy the pristine beaches, and good seafood. But, this morning in our news, they were cautioning people against getting in the salty water in the panhandle, if you've got any kind of cut, stitches, or scab tissue. There's a bad bacterial threat, which lives in the salt in the gulf water, and thrives on the salt. It causes the tissue around cuts or

sores of any kind to die, and necrotize, and to eat the flesh away... it's sometimes fatal... five people were killed by this, from this flesh eating bacteria, in one city alone, this year. *This is such a frightening thing... add this to the shark attack worries, and who has time for that?* Well, I feel good today,... and I didn't expect this gloomy writing... but spiritual realities, or, I should say, fears made it so. (*You also have people talking about bacteria in canine saliva, causing this same thing.*) At any rate, the way I can see, now, is something like, there's a development in terms of a chaos, like weather, which I'm registering,



*and it's like its trying get a blow in on me...  
sneakily trying to cause me pain. But, I'm  
not one to let spiritual dross go unchecked,  
for long... I'll use the heart yoga techniques  
I've been shown, to dispel it. Then, it  
won't have much power over me. Well, just  
some subtle neuro musculature  
isometrics... this can put pain and dross  
away. You might think this approach is too  
simplistic, but I'm a firm believer that, 'If  
you feel good, you can then do good.'* This  
has guided me, a lot in living, but it won't  
necessarily prevent bad weather. *But it  
might keep me from feeling victimized. At  
any rate, these have been some thoughts.*

I'll add this writing in my files, and get along. *I'm thinking, this morning, about how true is the idea, 'All men are created equal.'* I may not always have good ideas, in writing, but the amazing thing is how through the inner dualism, the inner pairing of male, with female, more or less infinite worlds of thought, can freely come. *But I might have to make many false starts, and dead end pathways, before finding literary success, or any writing or music, which I can truly be proud of.* Even though this is true, I might be so critical of myself, that I can't see an true picture, of what my work is like. This is how I am, most mornings,

just more or less submerged beneath the  
tossing ocean waves, on all sides. My  
experience might appear disconnected, and  
chaotic, to myself, *but God sees the  
implicate order.* These are a few thoughts,  
given to illustrate, how a 'cold start,' kind  
of morning might would think. *I don't  
always have good ideas of my own, but the  
spirit familiar within myself already knows  
many good ways to generate thought.* He  
or she is much better at writing, than I will  
be. So, through trusting God, I can move  
my writing along. *'Faith is equivalent unto  
one's belief in one's own self... one's  
knowledge of his or her capabilities.'*

Understanding this simple truth, in a way,  
is like the culmination of everything one  
has been through... the fruition of ancestral  
hopes. At any rate, nature may be very  
chaotic, and one might not see the right  
way, but inner spirit has the right oversight.  
I ask myself, 'What is the truth which I can  
see, looking out from my present vantage?'

Maybe the most apparent fact, thinking  
about ordinary life, *is how we have,*  
*sometimes, to turn 'no,' into 'yes.'* This is  
the best way I know to put it. Life shows  
me resistance, every day... people let me  
down, instruments and tools don't work  
right, the weather is bad... it requires

muscle to just get past the blocks. You can visualize this... I'm somewhat getting 'no,' so I have to make it into 'yes.' One can pretty much count upon this type of thing.

The elements will disagree, if it comes down to it... *wild nature, isn't your friend... more like, your foe.* You might be a student of the transcendent in nature, but, turned around, she just wants to fight you. So, never go into the wilderness unprepared... *you'll be in for a fight, whether you're prepared, or not.* At any rate, I sit and input these thoughts into this word processor keyboard. There may be a kind of hopelessness, present in our

society... *but if you possess perseverance,*  
*and strong intent to have something to*  
*show for the time, you can learn to build*  
*things you'll be proud of.* Just remember,  
this way is a gift, and, like it or not, it  
tends to meet resistance. Anyways, I sit in  
the back yard, behind this dwelling, and  
enjoy the temperate breezes, and input  
these ideas presently. Our skies are  
completely clear and cloudless this  
morning... the cicadas are making their  
music... enlongated, rounded swells, which  
sound like wind in the trees... drawn out  
phrasing. *The sunns luminescence has*  
*revealed this scene... the world of*

*vegetation is a symphony in hues of green... the sky is a cerulian canopy, far overhead.* This masterpiece before me is only accessible in this way, through my *'renting in the country.'* This is a pretty good lesson, in itself. If you want to cultivate peace, real peace, then, this way is nearly endless. At any rate. Sometimes my work belongs in the 'gray area,' category... or I'll be duped into thinking that it is so. This might be pretty discouraging, *so I try to keep my work unambiguous, and thought of as a clear win.* You'll tell yourself you're no good... *You'll tell yourself most anything...* if you

wish to feel pain, you'll invent a reason to.  
*So make sure of your own intentions... only  
to be successful, and happy.* I could say a  
lot, about how, if you believe a thing's a  
win, then to you it is. So always be wary  
of 'gray areas,' in art. If you have to, then  
re do a thing, until it's not a problem  
anymore. So, just believe in yourself,  
because you can make a good outcome, if  
you try. Be sure of your good intentions.  
*At any rate, have you ever seen long leaf  
pines which are so full with pollen, they  
make billows of what resembles smoke  
every time the wind blows through them?* I  
think you'll find this in late winter, early



spring, especially if the weather has been dry. I'm always in search of metaphors, which speak to the indescribable. *How do you describe a life so happy, that you don't dream at night? Not much sense of time in between.* This is a glimpse into successful living... not like the previous sort, which wiped out, so bad. How do we even measure success? In happiness, I guess. I hope you have good, engrossing books to read, whoever you are, and that you can forget the sorrows of this world. *Trying to grasp for the ineffable, and making it work, is the work of a benevolent spirit...* who has always been an inspiration. *Who is your*

*inspiration?* Well, I'll get this writing along, now, and try and make a good finish.

I love how one is always faithful to the guiding light, and the gaze doesn't waver, just because the waves crash, the wind blows... *the light shows the way*. If nature really started to change, you'd know it immediately. At any rate, I've had a good time so far, trying to get these ideas down. I'll bring this writing to a close, and add it in. All for now, Greg.

~

As I sit down, to try and write, this morning... I feel just like I sometimes do... *when my mind is somewhat too distracted to focus on the rarity of revolutionary ideas.* I believe that, the main reason I write, is because I often find myself stirred by these ideas... and then with a flowing of thinking rushing through my light dazzled mind... *I usually have to get into my writers' modality, and write it down... write it out.* This effect, can be nurtured, by looking at media that nurtures your holism, *such as in life changing motivational speakers.* But this is a time consuming

endeavor, in general... there's a great resistance, unto an opening into the 'holistic mind consciousness.' I myself will do almost anything to avoid opening my heart center, and being immersed, and enfolded, in revolutionary, life changing ideas... *but it's pretty easy to get to this place, spiritually speaking.* Between you and God, good ideas happen, sometimes. And, in your reading life, you might just have to sit through a commercial or two... some of the greatest motivational speakers' videos, have millions of viewers, and that media, is monetized, *and if you want to be motivated, you have to look at the sponsor*

*messages.* At any rate, it's amazing, however, how some of these lengthy commercials (some of them are five or ten, even thirty minutes in length,) are themselves highly motivational, and might, just might be pointing unto solving some of the mysteries of the human situation. *But, I think, from my perspective, people have to, or need to know, how exclusive the insights in writing like this I'm getting down now, are...* and that there is an entire domain of our human society, which is mentally blocked, from just getting this material... *because they will be inhabiting a lower level of spiritual consciousness.* I

think *that there are many many thousands of people out in the world, who's lives are built and structured around, you guessed it, alcoholic beverages and marijuana.* Okay, you say, the alcohol is bad for you, but the marijuana? Well, many peoples' only route unto 'feeling good,' is through smoking, or injesting that herb. I was like this, for a while... my usage was chronic... I was a serious case, for awhile, and I'm torn between giving my reader an honest accounting, and being realistic... *because that stuff gets people in trouble every day... especially when used while driving.* But, I made it through that difficult term, *and was*

*indoctrinated, for want of a better word,  
into the spirit consciousness, in stages...*

and so forth and so on. But, passing through this decades long transition, gave me a discrete view into certain segments of our society, where, you know, *people deal with loss, for their entire lives, and never get past the boozy nights, and marijuana parties...* they just are trapped in that lifestyle, because, in a nutshell, their elders keep them outside of the spiritual loop, outside of the conversation... *the inner conversation, and intelligence.* And, I might be a bit overly liberal, in the estimate, but I know that there must just be

thousands, like that, who just thirst, and who feel that they have to get it through artificial means, like alcohol, and marijuana. *At any rate, it took myself the better part of a decade to square away my grief, and loss.* I had to learn, in God's eyesight, just who I might be, deep inside.

***'Know thyself, and to thine own self be true.'*** I had to reacquaint myself with my own linguistic heart... *and remember who I am, and who I'm not... remember what things I will say, and won't.* This lamp light, within my life, you see here, had to come on only gradually... I just had a lot of nuanced subtleties and life lessons to learn,



to get through, *and only by walking my way through a whole lot of premises and hypothetical scenarios, was I gradually granted, or re allowed into an illumined mind.* This was not just a week or two of brainstorming, but the better part of a decade of inner wandering, and mulling, *following every premise which God immersed me into.* **God is the Choir Invisible, and always will be.** He's the ever loving Study Director, or Project Director... I was the field assistant... the sacred idiot... even, by some accounts, *the Emperor, looking for any thing substantial to clothe, and cover himself with.* I'm 'less

than zero,' without the breath in my lungs.  
*We all need God.* I've spent time outside of  
God's grace, on occasion, and I never want  
to do that again. Anguish, agitation,  
restlessness, angst... these are bad feelings.  
Stay away from them. At any rate, you see  
the thoughts and feelings, which get stirred  
sometimes, when ever loving trans  
formative thinking takes my mind by  
storm... the truth of it is, that *my writers*  
*voice really has a few things to say, unto, I*  
*think, a few really special readers...* and  
the smart word processor and keyboard are  
the means unto this end. But remember, if  
you fail the sobriety test, behind the wheel,

then That's it... *the Dream is over... your life will never be the same.* Well, today was a very hot day, and I am glad, that the nights right now are cooler, and sweeter than most any I've ever seen or found. So, my hopes are that this mild season continues, and our oppressive, hot days blend themselves into a smooth Autumn, and Winter. I hope you have found this writing to be good, and that you have seen some light. Well, all for now, I'll put this in with the others, and send along your way now. Greg.

~

My mind is full of good ideas, this morning... it's easy enough to see, that the Savior weeps sometimes, at the shennanigans some men get themselves into... *'weapons of war auger evil, in incompetent hands.'* At any rate, I was thinking this morning, and realized, how, the trait which sets some men and women apart from the others is simply the ability to solve problems. People go round and round in circles, and the whole system

grinds to a halt, *all because of one snafu...*

*and, then, a problem solver enters the scene, and the difficulty clears in no time.*

If you can non destructively restore the usual quality of the standard order of business, then this ability is sought after.

There's a type of work, which is just essential in making any good happening, like a political rally, or a rock concert go smoothly, and it's called '*logistics.*' Most

of the time, at a football game, for instance, *I'm one of those people who is a bigger fanatic about the good logistics company that makes the contest happen smoothly, than I am the football teams.*

The football players will train, many many hours of practice and rehearsing all of the possible plays, and building physical strength and endurance, *but it's the shrewd, and resourceful logistics company which make the game happen safely, and efficiently.*

At any rate, those of us who tend to over think things, in general... who have learned the hard way not to take anything for granted, will tend to see this way. I know, that making a public event happen safely, profitably, and orderly is many many people's concerns, and this is why I am writing this way. At any rate, just some

thoughts this hot, humid morning in late August, this year. *Just this morning, I read that more than three hundred thousand people are without electrical power, in the north eastern lands, around the Great Lakes...* getting power restored, and wind damage cleaned up, is a big, big job, and the power authority has to have the right methodology for getting this work accomplished. Without the right logistics, the cleanup effort is a haphazard mess. I once worked as a grounds cleanup person for a large apartment complex, in my home town, and the maintenance men, there were two of them, *had to not only be*

*resourceful*, but to be able to *think on their feet*, and *optimize their time*, and *financial resources*, or their work wouldn't be profitable. They earn better salary, if they are able to fix problems efficiently, and quickly... as most mornings, there would be at least two outstanding repair jobs, which needed doing, and squaring away, *and the two men who did this had to know their way around refrigeration, plumbing, electrical wiring repair, dry wall repair, and interior painting* was a skill that they used anytime a resident moved out, and there were scuffs and marks on the walls, that unit had to be painted. It was work.



My work usually involved picking the trash up, making one or two complete passes of the whole complex, and this work consumed my days, but I had to help the maintainance men on numerous times with painting, tree limb cleanup, gardening, and the flower beds, and other tasks. Anyways, in the home where I live, *the home manager has to know how to think on her feet, and only a few of the residents know how to do this, as well.* I've gotten better at lending a hand, but I've usually got to feel good, to make it happen... so, my writing takes more precedence these days, *my hands, and problem solving intellect mostly*

*goes into my writing and music.* All of these men and women, though, since we lost our main benefactors, who owned the place, and ownership went to their children, *have had to learn to be 'self starters,' and to be motivated each day, until the work is done,* and we then know we can rest. *We're a lot more realistic* about the actual work of running this household, than we were before our loss... there's less manual work, like cooking, for the manager to do, *more of the residents' responsibility.* I'm relating these things, because they're about solving problems, and even disabled people can learn to think

on their feet, and work together. So, you can easily see these ideas, *because I have written them out thus*. But without knowing my moment, and rising to the occasion, and focusing on getting the thoughts down onto paper, the thoughts would have remained in my head. So, I've learned how to effectively seize the day, and I have a lot of good work to show for it. I have to think, sometimes, if this or that style, or method, or device, in writing is worth my effort... *so I have to continually be critical of myself, my writing, and so that I don't give anyone the wrong idea*. Holding onto one's own

innocence is a serious matter, because someone might think my technique, or my means is wrong... I don't want to be grouped in with the wrong. Things like this have to be seen unto, and avoided. *Anyways, same as anything, if you don't make it too complicated, you'll find the strength. I don't wish to take my readers for fools, either so, his or her words are usually good, and will be carefully chosen.* It's like, animals are usually of an innocent spirit, *that is, until they take advantage of a situation and hurt someone.* Stories we read scare us. *So, this writer's art has to be mindfully done.* We don't want any dog

bite. Well, anyways, these thoughts have digressed upon themselves, and you can see, from this, that I'm careful with my downbeat rhythm, and I don't lend it willingly, very easily. At any rate, you can see the eternal dilemma... the question... just, who is to be loved on? In what way? And how much? *And I know that I get sidetracked and shouldn't allow myself to.* Well that about covers that. I'll finish this article up, and add it in with the others. All for now. Greg.



























































